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THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

THE KING, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY AND ATTENDANTS

II. 2, HENRY V.

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume 9

Henry V

As You Like It

THE NOTTINGHAM SOCIETY

New York :: Philadelphia :: Chicago

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

EDITIONS

The earliest edition of *King Henry the Fifth* is a quarto published in 1600, with the following title:—

"The | Chronicle | History of Henry the Fifth | with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in | *France.* Together with *Auntient Pistoll.* | *As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right honorable* | *the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* | London | Printed by *Thomas Creede,* for Tho. Milling | ton, and Iohn Busby. And are to be | sold at his house in Carter Lane, next | the Powle head. 1600. | "

This quarto was reprinted in 1602 and 1608.

In the First Folio the title of the play is *The Life of Henry the Fift.*[1]

The text of the quarto edition differs in many important respects from that of the folio; (i) it omits all the prologues and the epilogue; (ii) some five hundred lines besides are in no wise represented therein; (iii) the speeches of certain characters are transferred to other characters, so that the actors are fewer;[2] confusion in time-indications; (iv) corruptions, obscurities, and minor discrepancies abound.[3] The Quarto is obviously derived from an edition abridged for acting purposes, evidently an imperfect and

[1] Edited by W. G. Stone, *New Shak. Soc.,* 1880.

[2] Ely, Westmoreland, Bedford, Britany, Rambures, Erpingham, Grandpré, Macmorris, Jamy, Messenger, II. iv., and IV. ii., and the French Queen, have no speeches assigned to them in the Quarto.

[3] *Cp.* Henry V, *Parallel Texts,* ed. Nicholson, *with Introduction,* by P. A. Daniel; *New Shak. Soc.*

unauthorized version made up from shorthand notes taken at the theater, and afterwards amplified. The original of this abridged edition was in all probability the Folio text, more or less, as we know it. This view of the question is now generally accepted, and few scholars are inclined to maintain that "the original of the Quarto was an earlier one without choruses, and following the Chronicle historians much more closely." [1]

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

The reference to Essex in the Prologue to Act V (*vide* Note) shows that *Henry the Fifth* must have been acted between March 27 and September 28, 1599; [2] the play is not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, though *Henry IV* is included in this list; the Epilogue to *2 Henry IV* makes promise of *Henry V*, but "our humble author" has modified his original conception; [3] this change of plan is intimately connected with the composition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor;* the play is found in the Stationers' Register under August 4, 1600 (together with

[1] *Vide* Fleay, *Life and Work of Shakespeare,* p. 206. Besides thus differentiating the two editions, Mr. Fleay takes the scene with the Scotch and Irish captains (III. ii. l. 69 to the end of the scene) to be an insertion for the Court performance, Christmas, 1605, to please King James, who had been annoyed that year by depreciation of the Scots on the stage.

This scene is certainly a contrast to the anti-Scottish feeling in Act I. sc. ii. The late Richard Simpson made some interesting, though doubtful, observations on the political teaching of Henry V in a paper dealing with *The politics of Shakespeare's Historical Plays* (*New Shak. Soc.,* 1874).

[2] It is fair to assume that the choruses were written for the first performances, though Pope, Warburton, and others held that these were inserted at a later period; they must, however, have formed an integral portion of Shakespeare's original scheme; considerations of time may have necessitated their omission in the abridged acting edition.

[3] "Our humble author will continue the story, *with Sir John in it,* and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat," etc.

As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing, and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*), marked, "to be staied," though ten days afterwards it is again entered among the copies assigned to Thomas Pavyer; in the same year we have the publication of the Quarto edition; finally, the Globe Theater, built by Burbage in 1599, is somewhat emphatically referred to in the Prologue; all these considerations seem to fix with certainty the year 1599 as the date of this play.

THE SOURCES

The main authority for the history of *Henry V* was the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles*, published in 1587, though he departs occasionally from his original for the sake of dramatic effect. For two or three minor points Shakespeare was indebted to the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth* [1] (*e. g.*, a few touches in Act I, sc. ii; the episode of Pistol and the French soldier; the wooing scene, etc.).[2]

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of *Henry V* covers ten days, with intervals, embracing altogether a period of about six years, from the opening of the Parliament at Leicester, April 30, 1414, to Henry's betrothal to Katherine, May 20, 1420:—

1*st Chorus.* Prologue, "sets forth the claims of the dramatist on the imagination of the audience."

Day 1. Act I, sc. i and ii. Ante-chamber in the King's palace; the presence-chamber.

[1] *The Famous Victories* was licensed in 1594; in 1592 Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesse,* alludes to this or some other play on the same subject:—"What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner," etc.

[2] *Cp.* W. G. Stone's Introduction to *Henry the Fifth* (*New Shak. Soc.*); an exhaustive study of the historical aspect of the play; also, Courtenay's *Historical Plays of Shakespeare;* Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*

2nd Chorus; "tells of the preparations for war; of the discovery of the plot against the king, who is set from London, and that the scene is to be transported to London." *Interval.*

Day 2. Act II, sc. i. London (? Eastcheap). *Interval.*

Day 3. Act II, sc. ii. Southampton; scene iii, London (Falstaff is dead). *Interval.*

Day 4. Act II, sc. iv. France, the King's Palace.

3rd Chorus; "tells of the King's departure from Hampton; his arrival at Harfleur, and of the return of his Ambassador with proposals." *Interval.*

Day 5. Act III, sc. i to iii. Before Harfleur. *Interval.* [Act III, sc. iv. *Interval,* following Day 4].

Day 6. Act III, sc. v. Rouen. *Interval.*

Day 7. Act III, sc. vi; [*Interval*] first part of scene vii; Blangy.

Day 8. Act III, sc. vii. (French camp near Agincourt.)

4th Chorus (*Interval*). Act IV, sc. i–viii (*with Intervals*); English camp.

5th Chorus; "tells of Henry's journey to England and of his reception by his people; then, with excuses for passing over time and history, brings his audience straight back again to France. The historic period thus passed over dates from October 1415 to Henry's betrothal to Katherine, May 1420." *Interval.*

Day 9. Act V, sc. ii; (perhaps, better, the last scene should reckon as the tenth day, *vide* W. G. Stone, p. ciii).

6th Chorus. Epilogue. (*cp.* Daniel's *Time Analysis; Trans. Shak. Soc.* 1877–79.)

In no other play has Shakespeare attempted so bold an experiment in the dramatization of war; nowhere else has

he made so emphatic an apology for disregarding the unities of time and place, nor put forth so clear a vindication of the rights of the imagination in the romantic drama; he seems, indeed, to point directly to Sidney's famous comment on the scenic poverty of the stage,[1]—"*Two armies flye in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field,*"—when his Chorus makes the mock avowal:—

> "O for pity;—we shall much disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt." [2]

The theme, as well as its treatment and the spirit which informs the whole, is essentially epic and lyrical rather than dramatic, and the words addressed by Ben Jonson to the arch-patriot among English poets, the poet of the *Ballad of Agincourt*, "his friend, Michael Drayton," [3] might more justly be applied to the patriot-dramatist of Agincourt:—

> "Look how we read the Spartans were inflamed
> With bold Tyrtæus' verse; when thou art named
> So shall our English youths urge on, and cry
> An Agincourt! an Agincourt! or die."

[1] *Cp. Apology for Poetry* (Arber's *Reprint*, pp. 63, 64).

[2] Prol. iv. 49–52.

[3] Ben Jonson's *Vision on the Muses of his Friend, Michael Drayton.* Jonson seems to have objected to Shakespeare's method in *Henry V. Cp.* Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour* (added to the play after 1601):—

> *"He rather prays, you will be pleased to see*
> *One such, to-day, as other plays should be;*
> *Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,"* &c.

Towards the end of his career, in his *Winter's Tale*, Shakespeare spoke again, in the person of the Chorus Time, in defense of his *"power to overthrow law and in one self-born hour to plant and o'erwhelm custom.*

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Life of Henry the Fifth, as it is called in the folio of 1623, was doubtless originally written in pursuance of the promise given out in the Epilogue of the preceding play: "Our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France." Both *The First and Second Parts of Henry IV* were probably written before February 25, 1598; and it is but reasonable to suppose that both parts were included in the mention of *Henry IV* by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, which was made that year. Henry V being so great a favorite with the English people, both historically and dramatically, it is natural to presume that the Poet would not long delay the fulfilling of his promise.

We have almost certain proof that *Henry V* was not originally written as it now stands. This play, along with two others of Shakespeare's and one of Ben Jonson's, was entered in the Stationers' Register, August 4, 1600; and that opposite the entry was an order "to be stayed." It was entered again on the 14th of the same month; and in the course of that year was issued a quarto pamphlet of twenty-seven leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "*The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth, with his battle fought at Agincourt in France: Together with Ancient Pistol. As it hath been sundry times played by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. London: Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby: And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane. 1600.* The same text was reissued in 1602, and again in 1608, both issues being "printed for Thomas

Pavier." In none of these editions is the author's name given, and all of them appear to have been published without his sanction: the play, moreover, is but about half as long as we have it, all the Choruses being entirely wanting, as are also the whole of the first scene, more than half of the king's long speech to the conspirators in Act II, sc. ii, his speech before Harfleur, Act III, sc. i, his reflections on ceremony in Act IV, sc. i, and more than two-thirds of Burgundy's fine speech on peace in Act V, sc. i; besides more or less of enlargement and the marks of a careful finishing hand running through the whole play: all which appeared first in the folio of 1623.

That the quarto edition of *Henry V* was surreptitious, is on all hands allowed. But much controversy has been had, whether it was printed from a full and perfect copy of the play as first written, or from a mangled and mutilated copy, such as could be made up by unauthorized reporters. Many things might be urged on either side of this question; but as no certain conclusion seems likely to be reached, the discussion probably may as well be spared. Perhaps the most considerable argument for the former position is, that the quarto has in some cases several consecutive lines precisely as they stand in the folio; while again the folio has many long passages, and those among the best in the play, and even in the whole compass of the Poet's writings, of which the quarto yields no traces whatsoever. This, to be sure, is nowise decisive of the point, since, granting that some person or persons undertook to report the play as spoken, it is not impossible that he or they may have taken down some parts very carefully, and omitted others altogether. And the editors of the first folio tell us in their preface that there were "divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, that expos'd them."

The only internal evidence as to the date of the writing occurs in the Chorus to Act V:

> "Were now the general of our gracious empress
> (As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him!"

This passage undoubtedly refers to the Earl of Essex, who set forth on his expedition against the Irish rebels in the latter part of March, 1599, and returned September 28, the same year. Which makes it certain that this Chorus, and probable that the other Choruses were written before September 28, 1599. The most reasonable conclusion, then, seems to be, that the first draught of the play was made in 1598, pretty much as it has come down to us in the quarto editions; that the whole was carefully rewritten, greatly enlarged, and the Choruses added, during the absence of Essex, in the summer of 1599; and that a copy of the first draught was fraudulently obtained for the press, after it had been displaced on the stage by the enlarged and finished copy of the play, as we have it in the folio of 1623.

The historical matter of this drama was taken, as usual, from the pages of Holinshed; and a general outline thereof may be presented in a short space, leaving the particular obligations to appear in the form of notes.—Henry V came to the throne in March, 1413, being then at the age of twenty-six. The civil troubles that so much harassed his father's reign naturally started him upon the policy of busying his subjects' minds in foreign quarrels. And in his second parliament a proposition was made, and met with great favor, to convert a large amount of church property to the uses of the state; which put the clergy upon adding the weighty arguments of their means and counsel in furtherance of the same policy. In effect the king was easily persuaded that the Salique law had no right to bar him from the throne of France; and ambassadors were sent over to demand the French crown and all its dependencies: the king offering, withal, to take the Princess Katharine in marriage, and endow her with a part of the possessions claimed; and at the same time threatening that, if this were refused, "he would recover his right and inheritance with

mortal war, and dint of sword." An embassy being soon after received from France, the same demand was renewed, and peremptorily insisted on. The French king being then incapable of rule, the government was in the hands of the Dauphin, who having seen fit to play off some merry taunts on the English monarch, the latter dismissed his ambassadors with the following speech: "I little esteem your French brags, and less set by your power and strength: I know perfectly my right, which you usurp, as yourselves also do, except you deny the apparent truth. The power of your master you see; mine you have not yet tasted. If he have loving subjects, I am not unstored of the same; and before a year pass I trust to make the highest crown of your country stoop. In the mean time, tell your master that within three months I will enter France as my own true and lawful patrimony, meaning to acquire the same, not with brag of words, but with deeds of men. Further matter I impart not to you at present, save that with warrant you may depart safely to your country, where I trust sooner to visit you than you shall have cause to bid me welcome."

This took place in June, 1415, and before the end of July the king's preparations were complete, and his army assembled at Southampton; and as he was just on the eve of embarking he got intelligence of a conspiracy against his life by the earl of Cambridge, the lord Scroop of Marsham, and Sir Thomas Grey; who being soon convicted in due course and form of law, and executed, the king set forth with a fleet of fifteen hundred sail, carrying six thousand men-at-arms, and twenty-four thousand archers, and landed at Harfleur August 15. By September 22 the town was brought to an unconditional surrender, and put under the keeping of an English garrison. The English army was now reduced to about half its original numbers; nevertheless, the king, having first sent a personal challenge to the Dauphin, to which no answer was returned, took the bold resolution of marching on through several hostile provinces to Calais. After a slow and toilsome march,

during which they suffered much from famine and hostile attacks, the English army came, on October 24, within sight of Agincourt, where the French were strongly posted in such sort that Henry must needs either surrender or else cut his way through them. The French army has been commonly set down as not less than a hundred thousand; and they, never once doubting that the field would be theirs, spent the following night in revelry and debate, and in fixing the ransom of King Henry and his nobles. The night being cold, dark, and rainy, numerous fires were kindled in both camps; and the English, worn out with labor, want, and sickness, passed the hours in anxious preparation, making their wills and saying their prayers, and hearing every now and then peals of laughter and merriment from the French lines. During most of the night the king was moving about among his men, scattering words of comfort and hope in their ears, and arranging the order of battle, and before sunrise had them called to matins, and from prayer led them into the field. From the confident bearing of the French, it was supposed that they would hasten to begin the fight, and the purpose of the English was to wait for the attack; but when it was found that the French kept within their lines, the king gave order to advance upon them, and Sir Thomas Erpingham immediately made the signal of onset by throwing his warder into the air. The battle was kept up with the utmost fury for three hours, and resulted in the death of ten thousand Frenchmen, of whom a hundred and twenty-six were princes and nobles bearing banners, eight thousand and four hundred were knights, esquires, and gentlemen, five hundred of whom had been knighted the day before, and sixteen were mercenaries. Some report that not above twenty-five of the English were slain; but others affirm the number to have been not less than five or six hundred.

The news of this victory caused infinite rejoicing in England, and the king soon hastened over to receive the congratulations of his people. When he arrived at Dover, the crowd plunged into the waves to meet him, and carried

him in their arms from the vessel to the beach: all the way to London was one triumphal procession: lords, commons, clergy, mayor, aldermen, and citizens flocked forth to welcome him: pageants were set up in the streets, wine ran in the conduits, bands of children sang his praise; and, in short, the whole population were in a perfect ecstasy of joy.

During his stay in England, the king was visited by several great personages, and among others by the Emperor Sigismund, who came to mediate a peace between him and France, and was entertained with great magnificence, but his mission effected nothing to the purpose. After divers attempts at a settlement by negotiation, the king renewed the war in 1417, and in August landed in Normandy, with an army of sixteen thousand men-at-arms, and about the same number of archers. From this time he had an almost uninterrupted career of conquest till the spring of 1420, when all his demands were granted, and himself publicly affianced to the Princess Katharine.

From this sketch it may well be gathered that the subject was not altogether fitted for dramatic representation, as it gave little scope for those developments of character and passion, wherein the interest of the serious drama mainly consists. And perhaps it was a sense of this defect that led the Poet, upon the revisal, to pour through the work so large a measure of the lyrical element, thus penetrating and filling the whole with the efficacy of a great national song of triumph. Hence comes it that the play is so thoroughly charged with the spirit and poetry of a sort of jubilant patriotism, of which the king himself is probably the most eloquent impersonation ever delineated. Viewed in this light, the play, however inferior to many others in dramatic effect, is as perfect in its kind as any thing the Poet has given us. And it has a peculiar value as indicating what Shakespeare might have done in other forms of poetry, had he been so minded; the Choruses in general, and especially that to Act IV, being unrivaled in epic spirit, clearness, and force.—Of course the piece has

its unity in the hero, who is never for a moment out of our feelings: even when he is most absent or unseen, the thought and expression still relish of him, and refer us at once to his character as the inspirer and quickener thereof; and the most prosaic parts are transfigured and glorified into poetry with a certain grace and effluence from him.

It is quite remarkable, that for some cause or other the Poet did not make good his promise touching Falstaff. Sir John does not once appear in the play. Perhaps any speculation as to the probable reason of this were more curious than profitable; but we must needs think that when the Poet went to planning the drama he saw the impracticability of making any thing more out of him. Sir John's dramatic office and mission were clearly at an end, when his connection with Prince Henry was broken off; the purpose of the character being to explain the unruly and riotous courses of the prince. Besides, he must needs have had so much of manhood in him as to love the prince, else he had been too bad a man for the prince to be with; and how might his powers of making sport be supposed to survive the shock of being thus discarded by the only person on earth whom he had the virtue to love? To have reproduced him with his wits shattered, had been injustice to him; to have reproduced him with his wits sound and in good repair, had been unjust to the prince.

Falstaff repenting and reforming was indeed a much better man; but then in that capacity he was not for us. So that Shakespeare did well, no doubt, to keep him in retirement where, though his once matchless powers no longer give us pleasure, yet the report of his sufferings gently touches our pity, and recovers him to the breath of our human sympathies. To our sense, therefore, of the matter, the Poet has here drawn the best lesson from him that the subject might yield. We have already seen that Falstaff's character grows worse and worse up to the close of the preceding play; and it is to be noted how in all that happens to him the being cast off by the prince at last is

the only thing that really hurts his feelings. And as this is the only thing that hurts him, so it is the only one that does him any good; for he is strangely inaccessible to inward suffering, and yet nothing but this can make him better. His abuse of Shallow's hospitality is exceedingly detestable, and argues that hardening of all within, which tells far more against a man than almost any amount of mere sensuality. And yet when at last the hostess tells us "the king has kill'd his heart," what a volume of redeeming matter is suggested concerning him! We then for the first time begin to respect him as a man, because we see that he has a heart as well as a brain, and that it is through his heart that grief is let in upon him, and death gets the mastery of him. And indeed the very absence of any signs of tenderness in all the rest of his course rather favors the notion of there being a secret reserve of it laid up somewhere in him. And notwithstanding they do not respect him, and can at best but stand amazed and bewildered at his overpowering freshets of humor, it is still observable that those who see much of him get strongly atttached to him; as if they had a sort of blind instinct that beneath all his overgrowth of sin there were yet some stirrings of truth and good; that the seeds of virtue, though dormant, were still alive within him. This, as hath elsewhere appeared, is especially the case with that strangely-interesting creature, the hostess; and now we can scarce choose but think better of both Falstaff and Bardolph, when, the former having died, and a question having risen as to where he has gone, the latter says,—"Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is." In Mrs. Quickly's account of his last moments there is a pathos to which we know of nothing similar, and which is as touching as it is peculiar. His character having a tone so original, and a ring so firm and clear, it was but natural that upon his departure he should leave some audible vibrations in the air behind him. The last of these dies away on the ear some while after, when the learned Welchman, Fluellen, uses him to point a

moral; and this reference, so queerly characteristic, is abundantly grateful, as serving to start up a swarm of laughing memories.

The best general criticism on this play is furnished by Schlegel. "King Henry the Fifth," says he, "is manifestly Shakespeare's favorite hero in English history: he paints him as endowed with every chivalrous and kingly virtue; open, sincere, affable, yet, as a sort of reminiscence of his youth, still disposed to innocent raillery, in the intervals between his perilous but glorious achievements. However, to represent on the stage his whole history after coming to the throne, was attended with great difficulty. The conquests in France were the only distinguished events of his reign; and war is an epic rather than a dramatic object: to yield the right interest for the stage, it must be the means whereby something else is accomplished, and not the last aim and substance of the whole. With great insight into the essence of his art, Shakespeare either allows us to anticipate the result of a war from the qualities of the general, and their influence on the minds of the soldiers; or else he exhibits the issue in the light of a higher volition, the consciousness of a just cause and a reliance on the Divine protection giving courage to one party, while the presage of a curse hanging over their undertaking weighs down the other. In *King Henry V*, as no opportunity was afforded of taking the latter course, the Poet has skillfully availed himself of the former.—Before the battle of Agincourt, he paints in the most lively colors the light-minded impatience of the French leaders for the moment of battle, which to them seemed infallibly the moment of victory; on the other hand, he paints the uneasiness of the English king and his army, from their desperate situation, coupled with the firm determination, if they are to fall, at least to fall with honor. He applies this as a general contrast between the French and English national characters; a contrast which betrays a partiality for his own nation, certainly excusable in a poet, especially when he is backed with such a glorious document as that of the memorable battle

in question. He has surrounded the general events of the war with a fullness of individual, characteristic, and even sometimes comic features. A heavy Scotchman, a hot Irishman, a well-meaning, honorable, pedantic Welchman, all speaking in their peculiar dialects, are intended to show that the warlike genius of Henry did not merely carry the English with him, but also the natives of the two islands, who were either not yet fully united or in no degree subject to him. Several good-for-nothing associates of Falstaff among the dregs of the army either afford an opportunity for proving Henry's strictness of discipline, or are sent home in disgrace. But all this variety still seemed to the Poet insufficient to animate a play of which the subject was a conquest, and nothing but a conquest. He has therefore tacked a prologue (in the technical language of that day *a chorus*) to the beginning of each act. These prologues, which unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical sublimity, and among which the description of the two camps before the battle of Agincourt forms a most admirable night piece, are intended to keep the spectators constantly in mind that the peculiar grandeur of the actions there described cannot be developed on a narrow stage; and that they must supply the deficiencies of the representation from their own imaginations. As the subject was not properly dramatic, in the form also Shakespeare chose rather to wander beyond the bounds of the species, and to sing as a poetic herald what he could not represent to the eye, than to cripple the progress of the action by putting long speeches in the mouths of the persons of the drama.

"However much Shakespeare celebrates the French conquest of King Henry, still he has not omitted to hint, after his way, the secret springs of this undertaking. Henry was in want of foreign wars to secure himself on the throne; the clergy also wished to keep him employed abroad, and made an offer of rich contributions to prevent the passing of a law which would have deprived them of half their revenues. His learned bishops are consequently as ready

to prove to him his undisputed right to the crown of France, as he is to allow his conscience to be tranquillized by them. They prove that the Salique law is not, and never was, applicable to France; and the matter is treated in a more succinct and convincing manner than such subjects usually are in manifestoes. After his renowned battles Henry wished to secure his conquests by marriage with a French princess; all that has reference to this is intended for irony in the play. The fruit of this union, from which two nations promised to themselves such happiness in future, was that very feeble Henry the Sixth, under whom every thing was so miserably lost. It must not therefore be imagined that it was without the knowledge and will of the Poet that an heroic drama turns out a comedy in his hands; and ends, in the manner of comedy, with a marriage of convenience."

Campbell, also, has some sentences in his usual happy style upon this play, wherein he justly trips one of Schlegel's unlucky epithets. "In Shakespeare's *Henry V*," says he, "there is no want of spirited action and striking personages; but I cannot quite agree with Schlegel as to the nice discrimination which he discovers in the portraiture of Irish, Scotch, and Welch character among the brave captains of Henry's camp. Schlegel calls captain Jamy 'a heavy Scotchman'; but why should he call my countryman *heavy?* Fluellen says that 'captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the aunchiant wars. He will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.' Here is only proof that Jamy was argumentative, as most Scotsmen are, and imbued with some learning, but not that he was heavy: he is not a cloddish, but a fiery spirit.

"The brave officers of Henry's army are, however, finely contrasted with the scum of England,—Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol. As to poor Falstaff, the description of his death in the play affects us with emotions that are not profoundly serious, and yet one cannot help saying, as

Prince Henry says on the belief of his feigned death. 'I could have better spar'd a better man.' The multiplicity of battles in *Henry V* is a drawback on its value as an acting play; for battles are awkward things upon the stage. We forget this objection, however, in the reading of the play. It has noble passages. And amongst these, the description of the night before the battle of Agincourt will be repeated by the youth of England when our children's children shall be gray with age. It was said of Æschylus, that he composed his *Seven Chiefs against Thebes* under the inspiration of Mars himself. If Shakespeare's *Henry V* had been written for the Greeks, they would have paid him the same compliment."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

HENRY V

Henry V is, in all essentials, Prince Hal grown to maturity and seated on a throne. The abandonment of the looser habits of his youth, which had been in progress during *Henry IV*, Part II, has now been completed. The Archbishop of Canterbury shows some lack of insight when he declares of the King, after his father's death:

> "Never was such a sudden scholar made;
> Never came reformation in a flood,
> With such a heady currance, scouring faults."

His brother of Ely is more penetrating when he compares Henry to the strawberry that grows underneath the nettle: "so the prince obscured his contemplation under the veil of wildness." But if Henry has shaken off his youthful follies, he has retained his faculty for adapting himself to all sorts and conditions of men. As in Eastcheap he had caught the very spirit of ale-house freemasonry, so in his altered sphere he excites the wonder of all hearers by discoursing upon divinity, war, and statecraft, as if each had been his peculiar and lifelong interest. The charm that had formerly been felt by roistering "Corinthians" is now exercised over grave prelates, who vote him an unprecedently large subsidy for an expedition against France. In entering upon this foreign quarrel Henry is carrying out his father's death-bed counsel, but from the first he shows that his policy is to be swayed, not by Machiavellian canons of self-interest, but by principles of equity. Henry's moral integrity deepens, after his coronation, into pro-

found religious feeling, while his modesty takes the form of humble dependence upon God, whose name is henceforth constantly upon his lips. Thus, before waking the sleeping sword of war, he asks the Archbishop of Canterbury whether he may, "with right and conscience," make the claim to the French throne, handed down from his heroic ancestors, the two Edwards. The Archbishop's lengthy exposition of the Salic law may neither satisfy the strict requirements of poetry nor of accurate historical jurisprudence, but it is sufficient to convince Henry of the justice of his cause.—Boas, *Shakespere and his Predecessors.*

Henry V completes the evolution of the royal butterfly from the larva and chrysalis stages of the earlier plays. Henry is at once the monarch who always thinks royally, and never forgets his pride as the representative of the English people; the man with no pose or arrogance, who bears himself simply, talks modestly, acts energetically, and thinks piously; the soldier who endures privations like the meanest of his followers, is downright in his jesting and his wooing, and enforces discipline with uncompromising strictness, even as against his own old comrades; and finally, the citizen who is accessible alike to small and great, and in whom the youthful frolicsomeness of earlier days has become the humorist's relish for a practical joke, like that which he plays off upon Williams and Fluellen. Shakespeare shows him, like a military Haroun Al Raschid, seeking personally to insinuate himself into the thoughts and feelings of his followers; and—what is very unlike him—he manifests no disapproval where the King sinks far below the ideal, as when he orders the frightful massacre of all the French prisoners taken at Agincourt. Shakespeare tries to pass the deed off as a measure of necessity.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

In Harry the Fifth, as king regnant, we still trace some of the limitation of mind that we noticed in the companion of Falstaff; the active energies are more powerful in him

than the reflective; engrossed by a pursuit or a passion, his whole nature is promptly coöperant in furtherance of it, but he can never, even for a moment, so far disengage himself from it as to take any other point of view. In his night talk with the soldiers the limitations of minds, sophisticated by station and unsophisticated, mutually define each other. Private Williams and private John Bates have a clear and honest sense of royal responsibility; their own duty is to obey and to fight bravely, but it is for the king to look to the justice of the cause and be answerable for it—and answerable, moreover, for some unrepented sins of those whom a false quarrel may bring to death prematurely and in ill blood;—a clear principle enough and palpable to plain sense, and, in fact, the very touchstone of the moral position of Henry in the action of the play. His reply at the moment, and his soliloquy after, are sufficiently in harmony to evince the sincerity of his reply, and thus to prove that he is as unconsciously blind when he answers with plausible detail a different question to that which is proposed, as the questioners who accept his conclusions and leave satisfied. With lucid expositions he proves that if a sinful servant miscarry on a lawful errand, the imputation of his wickedness cannot justly lie on the master who so dispatched him, whereas the hypothesis laid out that the errand was unlawful, and made no question of the servant not answering for himself, but of his damnation aggravating that of his master, not being transferred to him. The soldiers are not acute enough to check this logic, and freely admit the new case stated. Williams, however, has still a genuine English jealousy of royal sincerity, and the renewed difference leads to the challenge. The king left alone reverts to the earlier discussion, and a careless reader, interpreting by his own impulses, too often assumes in the opening reflections, that suddenly alone, the awful sense of regal responsibility rushes upon his mind and finds his feeling conscience. No such thing; in mingling indignation and discontent he reflects on the ingratitude of the subject, commiserates the hardship of his own, the royal lot,

runs through the evils of the station with which dignity is coupled, and then contrasting, as his father had done before him, the superior happiness and ease of the lowly, he slides insensibly into such a description with such epithets, of a state of existence divided between toil and mere insensibility, as convicts his complaints of self-imposing affectation at last.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

It is clear and unquestionable that King Henry V is Shakspere's ideal of the *practical* heroic character. He is the king who will not fail. He will not fail as the saintly Henry VI failed, nor as Richard II failed, a hectic, self-indulgent nature, a mockery king of pageantry, and sentiment, and rhetoric; nor will he only partially succeed by prudential devices, and stratagems, and crimes, like his father, "great Bolingbroke." The success of Henry V will be sound throughout, and it will be complete. With his glorious practical virtues, his courage, his integrity, his unfaltering justice, his hearty English warmth, his modesty, his love of plainness rather than of pageantry, his joyous temper, his business-like English piety, Henry is indeed the ideal of the king who must attain a success complete, and thoroughly real and sound.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

Henry V is a very favorite monarch with the English nation, and he appears to have been also a favorite with Shakespear, who labors hard to apologize for the actions of the king, by showing us the character of the man, as "the king of good fellows." He scarcely deserves this honor. He was fond of war and low company:—we know little else of him. He was careless, dissolute, and ambitious;—idle, or doing mischief. In private, he seemed to have no idea of the common decencies of life, which he subjected to a kind of regal licence; in public affairs, he seemed to have no idea of any rule of right or wrong, but brute force, glossed over with a little religious hypocrisy and archiepiscopal advice. His principles did not change

with his situation and professions. His adventure on Gadshill was a prelude to the affair of Agincourt, only a bloodless one; Falstaff was a puny prompter of violence and outrage, compared with the pious and politic Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave the king *carte blanche*, in a genealogical tree of his family, to rob and murder in circles of latitude and longitude abroad—to save the possessions of the church at home. This appears in the speeches in Shakespear, where the hidden motives that actuate princes and their advisers in war and policy are better laid open than in speeches from the throne or woolsack. Henry, because he did not know how to govern his own kingdom, determined to make war upon his neighbors. Because his own title to the crown was doubtful, he laid claim to that of France. Because he did not know how to exercise the enormous power, which had just dropped into his hands, to any one good purpose, he immediately undertook (a cheap and obvious resource of sovereignty) to do all the mischief he could. Even if absolute monarchs had the wit to find out objects of laudable ambition, they could only "plume up their wills" in adhering to the more sacred formula of the royal prerogative, "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," because will is only then triumphant when it is opposed to the will of others, because the pride of power is only then shown, not when it consults the rights and interests of others, but when it insults and tramples on all justice and all humanity. Henry declares his resolution "when France is his, to bend it to his awe, or break it all to pieces"—a resolution worthy of a conqueror, to destroy all that he cannot enslave; and what adds to the joke, he lays all the blame of the consequences of his ambition on those who will not submit tamely to his tyranny.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

MARRIAGE OF HENRY V AND KATHARINE

England had had her days of gloom, and was destined, as the result of these very famous victories, to have days of still deeper misery; but over the marriage of Henry and Katharine, there were no shadows. No birds of evil omen perched above the broad pennon of the warrior king. All voices joined in shouts of *Te Deum Laudamus*, and the poet sings his song of triumph clear and brilliantly, without a false note or jarring harmony, to the last bar, and, in spite of his own words, with no "rough and all unable pen,"

> Our bending author hath pursued the story,
> In little room confining mighty men.

—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

FLUELLEN

Among the more serious popular characters—the steady, worthy Gower, the rough Williams, and the dry Bates—the Welshman Fluellen, the king's countryman, is the central point. He is, as the king himself says, a man of "much care and valor," but "out of fashion." Compared with the former companions of the prince, he is like discipline opposed to licence, like pedantry opposed to dissoluteness, conscientiousness to impiety, learning to rudeness, temperance to intoxication, and veiled bravery to concealed cowardice. Contrasted with those boasters, he appears at first a "collier" who pockets every affront. In common with his royal countryman, he is not what he seems. Behind little caprices and awkward peculiarities is hidden an honest, brave nature, which should be exhibited by the actor, as it was by Hippisley in Garrick's time, without playfulness or caricature. Open and true, he suffers himself to be deceived for a time by Pistol's bragging, then he seems coldly to submit to insult from him, but he makes

him smart for it thoroughly after the battle, and then gives him "a groat to heal his broken pate." He settles the business on which Henry sets him against Williams, and which brings him a blow, and when the king rewards Williams with a glove full of crowns, he will not be behind in generosity, and gives him a shilling. He speaks good and bad of his superiors, ever according to truth, deeply convinced of the importance of his praise and blame, but he would do his duty under each. He is talkative in the wrong place, takes the word from the lips of others, and is indignant when it is taken from him; but in the night before the battle he knows how to keep himself quiet and calm, for nothing surpasses to him the discipline of the Roman wars, in which this is enjoined. The cold man flashes forth warmly like the king when the French commit the act, so contrary to the law of arms, of killing the soldiers' boys. At the time of his respect for Pistol, the latter begs him to intercede for the church-robber Bardolph, but he made his appeal to the wrong man. It is a matter of discipline, in which Fluellen is inexorable. Indeed he especially esteems his countryman king for having freed himself of these old companions. This is the essential point to him in his learned comparison between Henry V and Alexander the Great, that the latter killed his friends in his intoxication, while the former turned away his when he was "in his right wits." Since then his countryman is inscribed in his honest scrupulous heart, though before he had certainly made little of the dissolute fellow; now he cares not who knows that he is the king's countryman, he needs not to be ashamed of him "so long as his majesty is an honest man." Happy it is that the noble Henry can utter a cordial amen to this remark, "God keep me so;" his captain Fluellen would at once renounce his friendship if he learned from him his first dishonorable trick. The self-contentedness of an integrity, unshaken indeed, but also never exposed to any temptation, is excellently designed in all the features of this character.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE MOTIVE OF THE PLAY

The principal historical feature, the description of the spirit of the age with its relations to the past, and the character of the two belligerent nations is brought out in a truly dramatic style, by giving the utmost animation to the action. Henry IV, on his death-bed, had counselled his son to engage

"Giddy minds
With foreign quarrels."

And, in fact, "giddiness" and vacillation were the leading features in the character of the age; the reason of this lay not only in the unjust usurpation of Henry IV, which, owing to the close connection existing between the state and its various members, exercised its influence on the barons and people, but also in the progressive development of the state and of the nation itself. The corporative estates of the kingdom, the clergy, knights and burghers, incited by an *esprit de corps* and by their well-ordered organization, felt their power and endeavored to assert it, both against the royal power and against one another. Their disputes among one another would have been of more frequent occurrence had it not been for the fact that, in direct contrast to the French nobility, the English barons generally sided with the commoners, so as mutually to protect their rights against the pretensions of the crown. Each of these several parties endeavored to promote their own interests and to act with the greatest possible amount of freedom; their active strength naturally strove to find a vigorous sphere of action and would have consumed itself, and thus internally destroyed the organism of the state, had it not succeeded in obtaining vent in an outward direction. In France, on the other hand, the vanity, the excessive arrogance of the court, the nobility and the people desired war in order to realize their proud dream of internal and external superiority; the historical course of the nation's culture required that it should be thoroughly

humbled by misery and wretchedness, otherwise it would have decayed prematurely through extravagance and effeminate luxury. Moreover in France also, the organism of the state was broken up into so many separate and independent corporations that it required a great and general interest, a great national disaster to preserve their consciousness of mutual dependence and unity.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE DRAMATIC STRUCTURE

The dramatic structure is not of a normal type; and this may be implied from the mere presence of a chorus in front of each act; briefly, we have a combination of the two methods, the dramatic and the epic; the story is told mostly by action and dialogue, but partly by an extra-dramatic narrator. To this composite treatment Shakespeare was driven by the scope and grandeur of his subject, and, as is true of nearly all his experiments, the composite method was successful. It is customary, however, to compare the Choruses that link the episodes of *Henry V* with their predecessors in the classic drama; customary also to assert that they have nothing in common with the latter. But the brief truth is that the nature and the function of the classic chorus was variable; that the Chorus in *Henry V* assumes much of this nature and many of these functions, while it adds yet others—"prologue-like" says the poet himself. Apart, moreover, from their dramatic functions, these Choruses are epic in some of their aspects: "O for a Muse of fire that would ascend The brightest heaven of invention."

They are finely lyrical, and they are odes to the glory of a king, supplying in this particular what would be impossible in drama. In fact, almost every instrument of poetic music may be heard in this magnificent orchestra of Henry V, which remains not least among the glories of the nation that it glorified.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

LYRIC GRANDEUR OF THE SUBJECT

The didactic lessons of moral prudence,—the brief sententious precepts,—the *descriptions* of high actions and high passions,—are alien from the whole spirit of Shakspere's drama. The *Henry V* constitutes an exception to the general rules upon which he worked. "High actions" are here described as well as exhibited; and high passions, in the Shaksperian sense of the term, scarcely make their appearance upon the scene. Here are no struggles between will and fate;—no frailties of humanity dragging down its virtues into an abyss of guilt and sorrow,—no crimes,—no obduracy,—no penitence. We have the lofty and unconquerable spirit of national and individual heroism riding triumphantly over every danger; but the spirit is so lofty that we feel no uncertainty for the issue. We should know, even if we had no foreknowledge of the event, that it must conquer. We can scarcely weep over those who fall in that "glorious and well-foughten field," for "they kept together in their chivalry," and their last words sound as a glorious hymn of exultation. The subject is altogether one of lyric grandeur; but it is not one, we think, which Shakspere would have chosen for a drama.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King Henry *the Fifth*
Duke of Gloucester, } *brothers to the King*
Duke of Bedford, }
Duke of Exeter, *uncle to the King*
Duke of York, *cousin to the King*
Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick
Archbishop of Canterbury
Bishop of Ely
Earl of Cambridge
Lord Scroop
Sir Thomas Grey
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamy, *officers in King Henry's army*
Bates, Court, Williams, *soldiers in the same*
Pistol, Nym, Bardolph
Boy
A Herald

Charles *the Sixth, King of France*
Lewis, *the Dauphin*
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon
The Constable of France
Rambures and Grandpré, *French Lords*
Governor of Harfleur
Montjoy, *a French Herald*
Ambassadors to the King of England

Isabel, *Queen of France*
Katharine, *daughter to Charles and Isabel*
Alice, *a lady attending on her*
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants

Chorus

Scene: *England; afterwards France*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Henry V resolves to claim the throne of France, basing his authority on the old Salic law. He first demands certain provinces and in reply the Dauphin sends him a bag of tennis-balls, evidently thinking that the English king has not outgrown his wild youth. Henry then declares war.

ACT II

Sir John Falstaff and his friends cannot understand the commendable change in the character of the king, who has dismissed the wild associates of his youth. Falstaff dies of a broken heart. All England wishes success and conquest to attend the king in his invasion of France. The French, fearing for their country, bribe three English nobles to murder the king before his embarkation at South Hampton. But the plot is discovered in time and the conspirators put to death.

ACT III

The city of Harfleur in France is besieged and taken by the English. Sickness and lack of food weaken the English army, but nevertheless the king, relying upon the bravery of his men, pitches his camp at Agincourt, well-knowing that the French will give battle there.

ACT IV

The English prepare energetically for the battle, the king himself in disguise going through the camp and talk-

ing with the soldiers. So certain are the French of victory on the morrow, that little preparation is made by them. At daybreak the Dauphin's forces are overwhelmingly defeated.

ACT V

The French ask for peace. This Henry agrees to when the French have yielded to his conditions. He demands that he be recognized as heir to the French throne, and that Katharine, daughter of the French king, be given him in marriage.

THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY V

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram

7. *"famine, sword and fire";* this trio is probably suggested by a speech of Henry's, as reported by Holinshed, in which he replies to suppliant citizens, during his siege of Rouen (1419), that Bellona, the goddess of battle, had three handmaidens . . . blood, fire, and famine, all of which were at his choice to use (*Hol.* iii. 367, ed. Stone).—C. H. H.

9. *"spirits that have dared";* so Staunton; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"hath";* F. 4, *"spirit, that hath."*—I. G.

Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

[*Exit.*

13. The *"Wooden O"* was the Globe Theater on the Bankside, which was circular withinside.—It would seem that *"very"* was sometimes used in the sense of *mere*. "The *very* casques"; that is, *"so much as* the casques," or *"merely* the casques." So in *The Taming of the Shrew:* "Thou false deluding slave, that feed'st me with the *very* name of meat."—H. N. H.

18. *"on your imaginary forces work";* that is, your *powers of imagination: imaginary* for *imaginative*. This indifferent use of the active and passive forms occurs continually in these plays.—H. N. H.

25. *"puissance";* (three syllables).—C. H. H.

ACT FIRST

Scene I

London. An ante-Chamber in the King's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I 'll tell you; that self bill is urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honor,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;

Sc. 1. "Canterbury"; this was Henrie Chichele. Shakespeare follows the chronicles in attributing to him the chief share in the clerical plot for diverting the king's attention from his confiscation bill.—C. H. H.

7–19. This is taken almost literally from Holinshed.—H. N. H.

And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed willfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:

19. *"A thousand pounds by the year";* "Hall and Holinshed the principal sum. 'And the king to have clerely to his cofers twentie thousand poundes' (Hall). Shakespeare reckons interest therefore at five per cent" (Wright).—C. H. H.

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,

51, 52. That is, he must have drawn his *theory,* digested his order and method of thought, from the *art* and *practice* of life, instead of shaping the latter by the rules and measures of the former: which is strange, since he has never been seen in the way either of learning the things in question by experience, or of digesting the fruits of experience into theory. *Practic* and *theoric,* or *practique* and *theorique,* were the old spelling of *practice* and *theory.* An apt commentary on the text occurs in *A Treatise of Human Learning,* by Lord Brooke, who was a star in the same constellation with Shakespeare, and one of the profoundest thinkers of the time.

"Againe, the active, necessarie arts
Ought to be briefe in bookes, in practise long:
Short precepts may extend to many parts;
The practise must be large, or not be strong.
For if these two be in one ballance weigh'd,
The artless use bears down the useless art.
The world should therefore her instructions draw
Backe unto life and actions, whence they came;
That practise, which gave being, might give law,
To make them short, cleare, fruitfull unto man:
As God made all for use, even so must she
By chance and use uphold her mystery."—H. N. H.

His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,

61, 62. *"wholesome berries,"* etc.; it has been pointed out that Montaigne expresses this idea more explicitly in a passage (iii. 9) which Shakespeare perhaps knew in the original. In Florio's translation (1603) it runs: "Roses and Violets are ever the sweeter and more odoriferous, that grow neere under Garlike and Onions, forasmuch as they suck and draw all the ill savours of the ground unto them."—C. H. H.

66. *"crescive in his faculty";* increasing in virtue of its latent capacity.—C. H. H.

As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?
Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?
Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I 'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
[*Exeunt.*

86. *"passages";* that is, the particulars, and clear unconcealed circumstances.—*"Severals,"* plural, was of old used much as we use *details.*—H. N. H.

Scene II

The same. The Presence chamber.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,

Sc. 2. The princes Humphrey and John were made dukes of Gloucester and Bedford at the parliament mentioned in scene i. ll. 7–19. At the same time, according to Holinshed, Thomas Beaufort, marquess of Dorset, was made duke of Exeter. The Beaufort family sprung from John of Gaunt by Katherine Swynford, to whom he was married after she had borne him several children.—The earldom of Warwick was at that time in the family of Beauchamp, and the earl of Westmoreland was Ralph Nevil.—H. N. H.

3. In all the quartos the play begins at this speech. It is there assigned to Exeter, and runs thus: "Shall *I* call in the ambassador, my liege?"—H. N. H.

4. *"cousin";* Westmoreland was a cousin only by marriage. He had married, as his second wife, a daughter of John of Gaunt, half sister of Henry IV, and aunt of the king.—C. H. H.

And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.

8–32. We subjoin this speech as it stands in the quartos, that the reader may have some means of judging for himself touching some points handled in our Introduction:

"Sure we thank you: and, good my lord, proceed,
Why the law Salique, which they have in France,
Or should or should not stop in us our claim:
And God forbid, my wise and learned lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this conjuration, speak, my lord;
And we will judge, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is wash'd as pure
As sin in basptism."—H. N. H.

14. *"bow";* warp.—C. H. H.

15, 16. *"Or nicely . . . miscreate";* or burden your knowing or conscious soul with displaying false titles in a specious manner, or opening pretensions which, if shown in their native colors, would be false.—H. N. H.

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant:'
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land:'
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,

32. *"as pure as sin";* (concisely expressed for) "as pure as the heart from sin."—C. H. H.

33. The whole of the archbishop's exposition is taken from Holinshed, in parts almost word for word.—C. H. H.

Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,

45, 52. *"Elbe,"* restored by Capell; Ff., *"Elue";* (Holinshed, *"Elbe";* Hall, *"Elve"*).—I. G.

57, 61, 64. The numbers and the reckoning are from Holinshed. As Rolfe pointed out, he seems to have deducted 405 from 826, instead of 426 from 805.—C. H. H.

61–64. Theobald (Warburton); *cp.* Montaigne's *Essays,* III. 9, (*vide* Florio's translation).—I. G.

Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,

72. *"to find";* so in the folio; in the quartos, *fine;* which latter is generally retained in modern editions as meaning to trim up, adorn, or make *fine,* with fair appearances. To *"find* his title" is to *ground* or *make out* his title; as in our law phrase, to *find a bill* against a man, for to make out or ground an indictment.—H. N. H.

74. *"convey'd,"* etc.; that is, *passed himself off* as heir to the lady Lingare. Bishop Cooper has the same expression: "To *convey himself* to be of some noble family."—The matter is thus stated by Holinshed: "Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crowne upon Charles duke of Loraine, the sole heire male of the line and stocke of Charles the great, to make his title seeme true, and appeare good, though in deed it was starke naught, *conveied himselfe* as heire to the ladie Lingard, daughter to king Charlemaine."—H. N. H.

75. *"Charlemain"; i. e.* Carloman (Carlman). Historically it was Charles the Bold.—C. H. H.

76. *"Lewis";* monosyllabic throughout.—C. H. H.

77. *"Lewis the tenth";* the reading of Ff., following Holinshed; Pope, from Hall, reads *"ninth."*—I. G.

This should be Lewis the *Ninth.* The Poet took the mistake from Holinshed, who states the matter thus: "King Lewes also the *tenth,* otherwise called saint Lewes, being verie heire to the said usurper Hugh Capet, could never be satisfied in his conscience how he might justlie keepe the crowne, till he was fullie instructed that queene Isabell his grandmother was lineallie descended of the ladie Ermengard, daughter and heire to the above named Charles duke of Loraine."—H. N. H.

Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

94. *"amply to imbar";* so Ff. (Ff. 1, 2, *"imbarre"*); Qq. 1, ~, *"imbace,"* Q. 3, *"imbrace";* Rowe, *"make bare";* Theobald (Warburton), *"imbare";* Pope, *"openly imbrace,"* etc. Schmidt explains the lines:—"They strive to exclude you, instead of excluding amply, *i. e.,* without restriction or subterfuge, their own false titles." Perhaps Mr. W. A. Wright's explanation is the truer, taking *"imbar"* in the sense of "to bar in," "secure":—"The Kings of France, says the Archbishop, whose own right is derived only through the female line, prefer to shelter themselves under the flimsy protection of an appeal to the Salic law, which would exclude Henry's claim, instead of fully securing and defending their own titles by maintaining that though, like Henry's, derived through the female line, their claim was stronger than his."—I. G.

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them

98. *"in the Book of Numbers"; cp.* Numbers xxvii. 1–11.

99. *"man";* the reading of Ff.; Qq., *"sonne."*—I. G.

110. *"Forage in";* Ff., *"Forrage in";* Q. 1, *"Foraging";* Q. 3, *"Forraging the."*—I. G.

114. *"cold for action";* that is, "cold *for want of* action," as it is commonly explained; which Knight thinks is taking the words *too literally,* just as if, where the literal construction will stand, that which is farthest from this were not commonly the worst. However, he very aptly suggests, that the meaning may be, *indisposed* to action, as knowing their help was not wanted; that there were enough to do the work without them.—H. N. H.

Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,

125. *"Your grace hath cause and means."* Hanmer reads *"Your race hath had cause, means."* Various readings have been suggested, but there seems to be no difficulty whatever in understanding the text as it stands.—I. G.

125, 126. Coleridge thinks that perhaps these lines should be recited dramatically thus:

> "They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might:
> So *hath* your highness,—never king of England
> *Had* nobles richer, and more loyal subjects";

which infers an ellipsis very much in Shakespeare's manner. Of course the sense expressed in full would give a reading something thus: "So hath your highness rich nobles and loyal subjects; no king of England ever had any that were more so."—H. N. H.

130–135. So in Holinshed's paraphrase of the archbishop's speech: "At length, having said sufficientlie for the proofe of the king's just and lawful title to the crowne of France, he exhorted him to advance foorth his banner to fight for his right, to spare neither bloud, sword, nor fire, sith his warre was just, his cause good, and his claime true: and he declared that in their spirituall convocation they had granted to his highnesse such a summe of monie, as never by no spirituall persons was to any prince before those daies given or advanced."—H. N. H.

With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbor to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,

131. *"blood"*; so Ff. 3, 4; F. 1, *"Bloods"*; F. 2, *"Blouds."*—I. G.

140–142. The *marches* are the *borders*. The quartos have this speech thus:

"The marches, gracious sovereign, shall be sufficient
To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers";

where, as Mr. Collier suggests, the putting of *England* for *inland*, which latter the sense plainly requires, would seem to argue rather a *mishearing* of the lines as spoken, than a *misreading* of the manuscript.—H. N. H.

150. *"with ample and brim fulness"*; probably *"brim"* is here adjectival; Pope reads *"brimfulness"*· but the accent favors the present reading.—I. G.

Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defense,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighborhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself;
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there 's a saying very old and true,
'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:'

154. *"the ill-neighborhood";* Boswell, from Qq., reads *"the bruit thereof."*—I. G.

161. *"the King of Scots";* King David, taken at Neville's Cross, 1346.—C. H. H.

162. *"prisoner kings";* King John of France was likewise taken.—C. H. H.

163. *"her chronicle";* Capell, Johnson conj.; Ff. read, *"their C.";* Qq., *"your Chronicles";* Rowe, *"his Chronicle."*—I. G.

As Knight remarks, in old manuscripts *your* and *their* were written alike.—H. N. H.

166. *"Westmoreland";* in Ff. the following speech is given to Exeter, in Qq. to "a lord." In Holinshed the corresponding speech is spoken by Westmoreland; hence Capell restored his name here.—C. H. H.

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves,
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

173. *"tear";* so Rowe, ed. 2; Ff., *"tame";* Qq. *"spoil";* Theobald, *"taint."*—I. G.

The quartos read,—"To *spoil* and havoc"; the folio,—"To *tame* and havoc"; neither of which agrees very well with the sense. We concur, therefore, with Collier and Verplanck, that *tame* was a misprint for *teare,* as the word was then spelled.—The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "When the archbishop had ended his prepared tale, Rafe Nevill earle of Westmerland, and as then lord Warden of the marches against Scotland, thought good to moove the king to begin first with Scotland, concluding the summe of his tale with this old saieng: Who so will France win, must with Scotland first begin."—H. N. H.

175. *"crush'd necessity";* so in the folio: in the quartos *"curs'd* necessity"; which latter is commonly preferred in modern editions, though divers third readings have been proposed, to get rid of the alleged difficulty of the passage. We agree with Singer, Knight, and Verplanck, that there is little real difficulty in *crush'd.* Exeter's meaning apparently is,—"The necessity which you urge is overcome, done away, *crushed,* by the argument that we have *locks* and *pretty traps* for security against the *weasel;* so that it does not follow that the cat must stay at home."—H. N. H.

180–183. Theobald first compared these lines with Cicero, *De*

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divid
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavor in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,

Republica, ii. 42, and thought that Shakespeare had perhaps borrowed from Cicero.—I. G.

The profound and beautiful idea of this passage occurs in a fragment quoted by St. Augustine from a lost book of Cicero's. But Shakespeare, if he did not discover it with his own unassisted eye, was more likely to derive it from Plato, who was much studied in England in his time. In the fourth book of his *Republic* he speaks something thus: "It is not wisdom and strength alone that make a state wise and strong; but order, like the harmony called the diapason, runs through the whole state, making the weakest, and the strongest, and the middling people move in one concent." And again: "The harmonic power of political justice is the same as that musical concent which connects the three chords, the octave, the bass, and the fifth."—H. N. H.

187–203. Lyly, in his *Euphues* (Arber's Reprint, pp. 262–4), has a similar description of the common-wealth of the bees: its *ultimate* source is probably Pliny's *Natural History,* Book xi. (*n. b.,* Holland's translation did not appear till 1601).—I. G.

197. *"majesty";* so Rowe from Qq.; Ff., *"Maiesties."*—I. G.

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose

204. *"lazy yawning drone";* we have once before caught Shakespeare watching at the bee-hive, and using the work carried on there as one of his classics. It need scarce be said that this description could only have been given from his own observation. And what an eye he must have had for whatsoever is most poetical in nature! —H. N. H.

208. *"Come,"* so Ff.; Capell, from Qq., *"fly"; "as many ways meet in one town";* Capell, from Qq., reads *"As many seuerall wayes meete in one towne";* Dyce, Lettsom conj. *"As many several streets,"* etc.—I. G.

209. *"meet in one salt sea";* Capell, from Qq., reads *"run in one self sea";* Vaughan conj. *"run in one salt sea."*—I. G.

212. *"End";* Pope's emendation from Qq.; Ff., *"And."*—I. G.

The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [*Exeunt some Attendants.*

Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we 'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

231, 232. *"our grave, like Turkish mute,"* etc.; our grave shall be undistinguished, "with no remembrance over it," not honored even by the most ephemeral epitaph.—C. H. H.

233. *"waxen epitaph";* the quartos have *"paper* epitaph." We subjoin the whole speech as there given:

> "Call in the messenger sent from the Dauphin;
> And by your aid, the noble sinews of our land,
> France being ours, we'll bring it to our awe,
> Or break it all in pieces.
> Either our chronicles shall with full mouth speak
> Freely of our acts, or else like tongueless mutes,—
> Not worshipp'd with a paper epitaph."—H. N. H.

First Amb. May 't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savor too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,

252. The *"galliard"* was a nimble, sprightly dance. It is thus described by Sir John Davies in his superb poem *On Dancing:*

"But for more diverse and more pleasing show,
A swift and wandering dance she did invent,
With passages uncertain to and fro,
Yet with a certain answer and consent
To the quick music of the instrument.
A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
A spirit and a virtue masculine,
Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
Since she herself is fiery and divine."—H. N. H.

This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls, 261
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,

255. *"This tun of treasure";* probably suggested by the corresponding words in *The Famous Victories.*—I. G.

"tun"; probably a keg.—C. H. H.

263. *"shall strike his father's crown into the hazard"; hazard* used technically, "the hazard in a tennis-court"; glosses, *"grille de tripot"* in old French dictionaries.—I. G.

The *"lower hazard"* was the technical name, in tennis, for a certain hole in the wall of the tennis-court, near the ground. "A stroke into the lower hazard would be a winning stroke" (J. Marshall, *Annals of Tennis*). Hence the expression is literally equivalent to "win the game." But there is, as throughout the passage, a reference to the ordinary sense of the word.—C. H. H.

266. *"chaces";* Mr. Collier says,—"A *chase* at tennis is the duration of a contest between the players, in which the strife on each side is to keep up the ball." This funny piece of French diplomacy is thus related by Holinshed: "Whilest in the Lent season the king laie at Killingworth, there came to him from the Dolphin of France certeine ambassadors that brought with them a *barrell of Paris balles,* which from their master they presented to him for a token that was taken in verie ill part, as sent in scorne, to signifie that it was more meet for the king to passe the time with such childish

How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn

exercise, than to attempt any worthie exploit. Wherefore the king wrote to him that yer ought long he would tosse him some London balles that perchance should shake the walles of the best court in France." In the old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, the "barrel of Paris balls" becomes *"a gilded tun of tennis balls."*—H. N. H.

276. *"for that"*; so Ff.; Qq. *"for this."*—C. H. H.

283. *"wasteful"*; wasting, destructive.—C. H. H.

That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savor but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.. [*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We 'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

307. *"God before";* with God's guidance.—C. H. H.

ACT SECOND

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honor would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

Pope transferred the Prologue to the end of the first scene.—I. G.

19. *"kind"*; filial.—C. H. H.

But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we 'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play:

23. *"Richard";* this was Richard Plantagenet, younger son to Edmund of Langley, duke of York, and brother to Edward, the duke of York of this play.—H. N. H.

24. *"Henry Lord Scroop";* son of Sir Stephen Scroop in *Richard II,* and step-brother of the Earl of Cambridge.—C. H. H.

26. *"gilt";* gold.—C. H. H.

27. *"fearful";* timid.—C. H. H.

32. *"The abuse of distance; force a play";* so Ff.; Pope, *"while we force a play";* Warburton conj. *"while we farce a play,"* etc.; "to force a play" is interpreted by Steevens to mean "to produce a play by compressing many circumstances into a narrow compass." Various emendations have been proposed, but in spite of the imperfection of the line as it stands, no suggestions seem to improve upon it. Perhaps, after all, the line is correct as it stands, with a pause for a syllable at the cæsura, and with a vocalic *r* in *"force,"* making the word dissyllabic; *cp. "fierce,"* II. iv. 99.—I. G.

We concur with Knight in keeping here exactly to the original text; not that we can pretend to understand it, but because we

The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We 'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.
[*Exit.*

Scene I

London. A street.

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.
Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.
Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

see not how it is to be bettered by any lawful correction. The more common reading changes *we'll* into *well,* and inserts *while we* before *force,* thus: "And *well* digest the abuse of distance, *while we* force a play." Mr. Collier retains *well* instead of *we'll,* and explains the passage thus: "The Chorus calls upon the audience to digest well the abuse of the scene, arising out of the distance of the various places, and to *force a play,* or put constraint upon themselves in this respect, for the sake of the drama." Which explanation we give, not as appearing at all satisfactory, but merely in default of a better. We could heartily wish the two lines were away, and are well persuaded they have no business there.—H. N. H.

41. *"But till the king come forth,"* etc.; *i. e.* "until the King come forth we shall not shift our scene unto Southampton."—I. G.

So in the original; but the sense plainly requires the first *till*

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there 's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we 'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that 's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as

to be *when*. As the next scene is to be in London, the Chorus warns the spectators to wait for the shifting of the scene to Southampton, till the king comes forth. Perhaps it should be remarked that the shifting of scenes was much more the work of imagination then than it is now, as the senses had little help in a change of places.—H. N. H.

6. *"there shall be smiles";* Hanmer conj., Warburton, *"there shall be*—(smiles)"; Farmer, Collier, 2 ed., *"smites"* (*i. e.* blows).—I. G.

13. *"three sworn brothers";* in the times of adventure it was usual for two or more chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortunes, and divide their acquisitions between them. They were called *fratres jurati*—H. N. H.

it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see willful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

27. *"mare";* restored by Theobald from Qq.; Ff. read *"name";* Hanmer, *"dame";* Collier MS., *"jade."*—I. G.

28. *"conclusions";* attempts. Nym cautiously avails himself of the antiquity of the word.—C. H. H.

31. *"How now, mine host Pistol!"* Qq., *"How do you my Hoste?"* giving the words to Nym.—I. G.

41. *"O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now"; "drawn,"* Theobald's emendation; Ff., *"hewne";* Malone from Q. 1, *"O Lord! here's corporal Nym's* ——."—I. G.

47. *"Iceland dog!";* Steevens, Johnson conj.; Ff. read *"Island dog";* Qq., *"Iseland."* There are several allusions to "these shaggy,

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. 'Solus,' egregious dog? O viper vile!
The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face;
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure

sharp-eared, white dogs, much imported formerly as favorites for ladies."—I. G.

In a treatise by Abraham Fleming *"Of English Dogges,"* 1576, occurs the following: *"Iceland dogges,* curled and rough all over, which, by reason of the length of their heare, make show neither of face nor of body. And yet thes curres, forsoothe, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times instead of the spaniell gentle or comforter." *Island cur* is again used as a term of contempt in *Epigrams served out in Fifty-two several Dishes:*

> "He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,
> Or, miser-like, a pouch where never man
> Could thrust his finger, but this *island curre."*
>
> —H. N. H.

56. *"Perdy"* is an old corruption of *par dieu,* which seems to have been going out of use in the Poet's time. It occurs often in the old plays, and was probably taken thence by Pistol, whose talk is chiefly made up from the gleanings of the playhouse, the groggery, and the brothel.—H. N. H.

59. *"for I can take";* Pistol evidently uses this phrase in the same sense it bears in our time. He supposes Nym to have conveyed some dark insult by the word *solus,* and he prides himself on his ability to *take the meaning* of such insinuations. Malone, not *taking* this, proposed to read *talk.*—H. N. H.

me. I have an humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that 's the humor of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I 'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humor of it.

Pist. 'Couple a gorge!'
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,

83. *"the powdering-tub";* used in the treatment of a disease.—C. H. H.

84. *"lazar kite of Cressid's kind";* Troilus' faithless mistress Cressida, according to Henryson's *Testament of Creseide,* ended her days as a leper in the "spital." The phrase "kite of Cressid's kind" had already been used by Gascoigne.—C. H. H.

"lazar kite of Cressid's kind"; probably a scrap from some old play. In certain parallel passages the readings vary between *"Kite," "Kit," "Catte"; "Kit,"* too, is the spelling of F. 4.—I. G.

Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—pauca, there 's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he 's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he 'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt Hostess and boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You 'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that 's the humor of it.

90. *"and you, hostess"*; Ff. *"and your Hostesse"*; F. 4, *"Hostes you must come straight to my master, and you Hoste Pistole."*—I. G.

107. *"Base is the slave that pays"*; a quotation from an old play. Steevens quotes "My motto shall be, Base is the man that pays" (Heywood's *"Fair Maid of the West"*).—I. G.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.
[*They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I 'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have and present pay!
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I 'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that 's the humor of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertain, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the knight; that 's the even of it.

118 and 119 omitted in Ff.—I. G.

123. *"Nym";* a play on the sense "nimming," "theft."—C. H. H.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.
Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may: he passes some humors and careers.
Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

Scene II

Southampton. A council-chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.
Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favors,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

8. *"the man that was his bed-fellow"; i. e.* Lord Scroop, of whom Holinshed reports this as a mark of his intimacy with the king.—C. H. H.

9. *"Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favors";* Ff. 3, 4, *"lull'd."* Qq., followed by Steevens, *"whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours."*—I. G.

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?
Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.
K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and loved
Than is your majesty: there 's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

18. *"in head"*; in force.—C. H. H.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.
Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labor shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.
K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.
Scroop. That 's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

33. *"office";* use.—C. H. H.

54. *"distemper"* for *intemperance,* or *riotous excess.* Thus in *Othello:* "Full of supper, and *distempering* draughts." And in Holinshed: "Give him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith *distempered* and reeled as he went."—H. N. H.

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We 'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!

61. *"Who are the late commissioners?"*; Vaughan conj. *"Who ask the late commissions?"*; Collier MS. *"the state c."*; but no change is necessary; *"late commissioners"*="lately appointed commissioners."—I. G.

63. *"for it"*; *i. e.* for my commission.—I. G.

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honor; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,

Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not hoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colors, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

103. *"stands off"*; stands out.—C. H. H.

114. *"by treasons"*; Mason conj. *"to treasons"*; Moberly conj. *"by reasons."*—I. G.

118. *"But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up"*; Moberly conj. *"But he that tempter-fiend that stirr'd thee up"*; Dyce, Johnson conj. *"tempted"*; Ff., *"bad,"* Vaughan conj. *"sin thus."* No emendation is necessary, though it is uncertain what the exact force of *"bade thee stand up"* may be, whether (1) "like an honest-man," or (2) "rise in rebellion."—I. G.

He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions 'I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and
learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:

126, 127. *"O, . . . affiance!"*; "Shakespeare uses this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

135. *"Not working with the eye without the ear"*; not judging by the looks of men without having had intercourse with them.—C. H. H.

139–140. *"To mark the full-fraught man and best indued With some suspicion"*; Malone's emendation; Theobald, *"the best,"* etc.; Ff., *"To make thee full fraught man, and best indued,"* etc.; Pope, *"To make the full-fraught man, the best, endu'd With,"* etc.—I. G.

142. *"another fall of man"*; Lord Scroop has already been spoken of as having been the king's bedfellow. Holinshed gives the following account of him: "The said lord Scroope was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow, in

Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

whose fidelitie the king reposed such trust, that when anie privat or publike councell was in hand, this lord had much in the determination of it. For he represented so great gravitie in his countenance, such modestie in behaviour, and so vertuous zeale to all godlinesse in his talke, that whatsoever he said was thought for the most part necessarie to be doone and followed."—H. N. H.

148. *"Henry";* Theobald's correction from Qq.; Ff., *"Thomas."*—I. G.

152. *"more than my death";* more than I regret my death.—C. H. H.

157. *"what I intended";* Halle in this place indicates that (as "diverse writer") his real aim was to secure the crown of the Earl of March.—C. H. H.

159. That is, at which prevention, in suffering, I will heartily rejoice.—H. N. H.

Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspired against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offenses! Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*

165. *"my fault, but not my body";* probably derived from a letter addressed to the queen in 1585 by Parry, after his conviction of treason: "Discharge me *A culpa,* but not *A pœna,* good ladie."—C. H. H.

176. *"you have";* so Knight, from Qq.; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"you three";* F. 1, *"you."*—I. G.

177–181. *"get . . . offenses!";* so in Holinshed: "Revenge herein touching my person, though I seeke not; yet for safeguard of you, my deere freends, and for due preservation of all sorts, I am by office to cause example to be showed. Get ye hence, therefore, ye poore miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward, wherein Gods majestie give ye grace of his mercie, and repentance of your heinous offenses."—H. N. H.

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

London. Before a tavern.

Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he 's not in hell: he 's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's

bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!'

11. *"A' made a finer end"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"a finer"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"finer"*; Capell, *"a fine"*; Johnson conj. *"a final"*; Vaughan conj. *"a fair."* Probably Mistress Quickly's words are correctly reported, and should not be edited.—I. G.

14. *"at the turning o' the tide"*; according to a current belief, death took place only during the ebb.—C. H. H.

15. *"fumble with the sheets"*; popularly supposed to be a sign of approaching death.—I. G.

18, 19. *"and a' babbled of green fields"*; Theobald's famous correction of Ff., *"and a Table of greene fields"*; Theobald's reading was suggested to him by a MS. note written in a copy of Shakespeare by "a gentleman sometime deceased," who proposed *"And a' talked of green fielas."* The Quartos omit the line, giving the passage thus:—

> *"His nose was as sharp as a pen,*
> *For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,*
> *And talk of floures, and smile upo his fingers ends,*
> *I knew there was no way but one."*

(*n. b. "talk of floures"*). Many suggestions have been put forward since Pope explained that the words were part of a stage direction, and that "Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time who furnished implements, &c., for the actors." The marginal stage-direction was, according to him, *"A table of greenfields."* Malone, *"in a table of green fields,"* Collier MS., *"on a table of green freese."* Recently M. Henry Bradley has pointed out that "green field" was occasionally used for the exchequer table, a table of green baize. A combination of this suggestion with the reading of the Collier MS. would require merely the change of *"and"* to *"on,"* but one cannot easily give up one's perfect faith in Theobald's most brilliant conjecture.—I. G.

Delius, almost alone among recent editors, retains the Folio read-

quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out, 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Aye, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a color he never liked.

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained

ing, on account of Mrs. Quickly's habitual proneness to nonsense. But her nonsense is always intelligible.—C. H. H.

that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let 's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay;'
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that 's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it; but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

55. *"Let senses rule"; i. e.* "let prudence govern you" (Steevens).—I. G.

Pistol puts forth a string of proverbs. *"Pitch and pay,* and go your way," is one in Florio's *Collection.*—H. N. H.

"Pitch and Pay"; "pay down" ready money; originally it seems a phrase of the London cloth-trade, meaning "pitch" (or deposit) the cloth in the cloth-hall, and pay (as a statute required) at the same time the fee or hallage.—C. H. H.

58. *"And hold-fast is the only dog"; cp.* "Brag is a good dog, but holdfast is a better."—I. G.

59. *"Caveto,"* Qq., *"cophetua."*—I. G.

Scene IV

France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defenses.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,

Sc. 4. "The French King"; Charles VI (1380–1422).—C. H. H. *"The Constable";* Charles d'Albret.—C. H. H.

But that defenses, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defense 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:

34. That is, how diffident and decent in making objections.—H. N. H.

37. *"the Roman Brutus";* the assailant of Tarquin; cf. *Lucrece,* ll. 1809–15.—C. H. H.

So the proportions of defense are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem

46. The grammar of this passage is somewhat perplexed. *Being* is understood after *which;* and not merely *which,* but the whole clause is the subject or nominative of *doth.* So that the meaning comes thus: Which being ordered after a weak and niggardly project or plan, is like the work of a miser, who spoils his coat with scanting a little cloth.—H. N. H.

57. *"mountain sire";* Theobald, *"mounting sire";* Collier, Mitford conj. *"mighty sire"; "mountain,"* evidently means "huge as a mountain."—I. G.

"mountain sire" probably refers to the Welch descent of Edward III: he was of a stock whose blood was tempered amidst the mountains of Wales.—H. N. H.

Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.
Fr. King. We 'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.
[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.
Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honors that pertain

70. *"Most spend their mouths";* give tongue loudest; a technical term of hunting.—C. H. H.

By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree:
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,

99. *"fierce";* two syllables.—C. H. H.

102. *"in the bowels of the Lord";* in the name of the divine mercy (Holinshed's phrase).—C. H. H.

That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further;
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He 'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assured, you 'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time

Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,

4. *"Well-appointed"* is well furnished with all necessaries of war. —The old copies read *"Dover* pier"; but the Poet himself, and all accounts, and even the chronicles which he followed, say that the king embarked at Southampton.—H. N. H.

"Hampton," Theobald's correction of Ff. *"Dover."*—I. G.

6. *"fanning";* Rowe's emendation of Ff. 1, 2, *"fayning,"* Ff. 3, 4, *"faining";* Gould conj. *"playing."*—I. G.

"the young Phœbus fanning"; fluttering in the morning sun.—C. H. H.

Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner

28. *"Suppose,"* etc. This embassy actually met Henry at Winchester.—C. H. H.

32–34. *"and the . . . them"; linstock* was a *stick* with *linen* at one end, used as a match for firing guns.—*Chambers* were small pieces of ordnance. They were used on the stage, and the Globe Theater was burned by a discharge of them in 1613.—Of course Shakespeare was a reader of Spenser, and this passage yields a

With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

Scene I

France. Before Harfleur.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage;

slight trace of his reading. Thus in *The Faerie Queene,* Book i. can. 7, stan. 13:

> "As when that *divelish yron engin,* wrought
> In deepest hell, and fram'd by Furies skill,
> With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
> And ramd with bollet rownd, ordained to kill,
> Conceiveth fyre; the heavens it doth fill
> With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
> That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will."
>
> —H. N. H.

35. *"Eke";* the first folio, *"eech";* the others, *"ech";* probably representing the pronunciation of the word.—I. G.

7. *"summon up,"* Rowe's emendation of Ff. *"commune up."*—I. G.

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear

15. *"nostril";* Rowe's emendation of Ff. *"nosthrill."*—I. G.

17. *"noblest English";* so in the folio of 1632. The first folio has "*noblish* English," which is evidently a mistake, the printer or transcriber having repeated the ending *ish.* Malone reads *"noble* English," which is better in itself, but has not quite so good authority.—The whole speech is wanting in the quartos.—H. N. H.

21. *"argument";* matter. The parallel to Alexander makes it probable that lack of enemies to conquer rather than of "cause to fight for" is meant; none being left to oppose them.—C. H. H.

24. *"be copy";* of course *copy* is here used for the *thing copied,* that is, the pattern or model.—H. N. H.

That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humors do abound:

32. *"straining";* Rowe's emendation of Ff. *"Straying."*—I. G.

3. *"corporal";* it appears in a former scene of this play that Bardolph has been lifted up from a corporal into a lieutenant since our acquaintance with him in *Henry IV,* and that Nym has succeeded him in the former rank. It is not quite certain whether the Poet forgot the fact here, or whether Nym, being used to call him corporal, in his fright loses his new title.—H. N. H.

5. *"case";* that is, a *pair* of lives; as "a *case* of pistols," "a *case* of poniards," "a *case* of masks." So in *Ram Alley* we have "a *case* of justices."—H. N. H.

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humors! your honor wins bad humors. [*Exeunt all but Boy.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these

21. *"Fluellen"* is merely the Welch pronunciation of *Lluellyn;* as *Floyd* is of *Lloyd.*—H. N. H.

21. *"Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!";* so Ff.; Capell reads, from Qq., *"God's plud!—Up to the preaches you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?"*—I. G.

23. That is, be merciful, great *commander,* to men of *earth,* to poor mortal men. *Duke* is only a translation of the Roman *dux.* Sylvester, in his *Du Bartas,* calls Moses "a great duke."—H. N. H.

27. *"wins";* prevails over.—C. H. H.

three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds: for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service:

46. *"purchase,"* which anciently signified *gain, profit,* was the cant term used for anything obtained by cheating.—H. N. H.

57. *"wrongs";* a play upon the two senses: injuries received, and injuries done.—C. H. H.

their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

69. *"is digt himself four yard under the countermines";* that is, the enemy *has digged* four yards under the countermines.—H. N. H.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvelous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud cap-

tains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still: it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mass, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay 'll de gud service, or ay 'll lig i' the grund for it; aye, or go to death; and ay 'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise

117. *"quit";* I shall, with your permission, *requite you;* that is, *answer you,* or *interpose with my arguments,* as I shall find opportunity.—H. N. H.

134. *"wad full fain heard";* wad . . . have heard. The omission of "have" is a common Northern and Scandinavian idiom. So Ff. The Camb. editors wrongly alter to "hear."—C. H. H.

than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that 's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. Before the gates.

The Governor and some citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;

Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;

10. Lord Bacon, in a letter to king James, written a few days after the death of Shakespeare, says,—"And therefore in conclusion we wished him not to *shut the gate* of your majesty's *mercy* against himself by being obdurate." He is speaking of the earl of Somerset.—H. N. H.

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defense, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succors we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.

31. To *"overblow"* is to *drive away,* to *keep off.*—H. N. H.

To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.*

Scene IV

The French King's palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Scene 4. Touching this scene various grounds have been taken, some pronouncing it ridiculous, others rejecting it as an interpolation, and others wondering that Katharine and Alice should be made to speak French, when the other French characters talk English. We cannot well see why anything better should be asked than Dr. Johnson's remarks on the subject: "The grimaces of the two Frenchwomen, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, might divert an audience more refined than could be found in the Poet's time. There is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon the knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. The extraordinary circumstance of introducing a character speaking French in an English drama was no novelty to our early stage."—H. N. H.

Successive editors have substituted approximately correct modern French for the imperfect and corrupted French of the Folio text. Probably what Shakespeare wrote was less correct than what we read; but in the absence of any criteria of his French scholarship, it is hardly worth while to insist on a few cases in which the incorrectness of the Folio version cannot be due to mere corruption.—C. H. H.

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.
Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?
Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je ne souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.
Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?
Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.
Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.
Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.
Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.
Alice. De arm, madame.
Kath. Et le coude.
Alice. De elbow.
Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.
Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.
Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.
Alice. De elbow, madame.
Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?
Alice. De neck, madame.
Kath. De nick. Et le menton?
Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The same.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people
Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?
Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

5. *"a few sprays of us"; i. e.* the French who "came over with the Conqueror," himself a bastard.—C. H. H.

11. *"vië";* the final ("mute") *e* of French still had a syllabic value in ordinary pronunciation, as it still has in verse. Similarly "batailles" below.—C. H. H.

14. *"nook-shotten";* probably "full of sharp angles and corners," *i. e.* invaded on all sides by estuaries and inlets of the sea, so as to be naturally watery and "slobbery." This is a well-attested meaning of "nook-shotten" in dialects; hence this interpretation is sounder than Knight's and Staunton's "spawned or shot into a nook," though this gives a vigorous sense. The Dauphin's point, moreover, is not

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honor of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!—
Poor we may call them in their native lords.
Dau. By faith and honor,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.
Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,

that England is remote, but that it is wet and uncomfortable to live in. "Nook-shotten" aptly contrasts England with the compact, four-square contour of France.—C. H. H.

19. *"sur-rein'd"* is probably over-ridden or over-strained. Steevens observes that it is common to give horses, over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a mash. To this the constable alludes.—H. N. H.

26. *"in their native lords";* in respect of the poor show which their owners make compared with the English.—C. H. H.

33. The *"lavolta"* was a dance of Italian origin, and seems to have been something like the modern waltz, only, perhaps, rather more

And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honor edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri.
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy; 42
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

so. It is thus described by Sir John Davies in his poem called *Orchestra,* quoted once before:

> "A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
> Where arm in arm two dancers are entwin'd,
> And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound,
> And still their feet an anapest do sound.
> An anapest is all their music's song,
> Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."
>
> —H. N. H.

40. *"Charles Delabreth";* this should be Charles D'Albret; but the meter would not admit of the change. Shakespeare followed Holinshed, who calls him *Delabreth.*—H. N. H.

44. *"Fauconberg";* anglicized by Ff. to "Falconbridge." In the next line Ff. read "Loys" for "Foix." Both forms were restored from Holinshed.—C. H. H.

46. *"Knights";* Theobald's emendation of Ff. *"Kings."*—I. G.

47. *"seats";* signorial castles.—C. H. H.

48. *"England";* Henry's title as king, as in v. 37 and elsewhere.—C. H. H.

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
[*Exeunt.*

54. *"Rouen";* Malone's emendation of *"Rone,"* Qq.; *"Roan,"* Ff.—I. G.

60. *"for";* instead of.—C. H. H.

63. That is, instead of achieving a victory over us, make a proposal to pay us a sum as ransom.—H. N. H.

Scene VI

The English camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honor with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

11. *"but keeps the bridge";* after Henry had passed the Somme the French endeavored to intercept him in his passage to Calais; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois, at Blangi, over which it was necessary for Henry to pass. But Henry, having notice of their design, sent a part of his troops before him, who, attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge till the whole English army arrived and passed over it.—H. N. H.

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.
Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.
Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.
Flu. Aye, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.
Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone–
Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent de-

28. *"buxom";* in the Saxon and our elder English, *buxom* meant *pliant, yielding, obedient;* but it was also used for *lusty, rampant.* Pistol would be more likely to take the popular sense than one founded on etymology. Blount, after giving the old legitimate meaning of *buxomness,* says, "It is now mistaken for *lustiness* or *rampancy.*"—H. N. H.

29–31. *"And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,"* &c.; *cp. "Fortune is blind . . . whose foot is standing on a rolling stone,"* Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy.*—I. G.

34. *"Fortune is painted blind";* Warburton proposed the omission of *blind,* which may have been caught up from the next line.—I. G.

scription of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be:
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

44. *"Fortune is Bardolph's foe";* a reference to the old ballad, *"Fortune, my foe!"*—I. G.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I 'll assure you, a' uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know

81. A *"sconce"* was a blockhouse or *chief fortress,* for the most part round in fashion of a head; hence the head is ludicrously called a sconce; a lantern was also called a sconce, because of its round form.—H. N. H.

86. *"new-tuned";* Pope reads *"new-turned";* Collier MS., *"new-coined";* Grant White, *"new-found."*—I. G.

87. *"general's cut";* our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards; a certain *cut* was appropriated to certain professions and ranks. The *spade* beard and the *stiletto* beard appear to have been appropriated to the soldier.—H. N. H.

90–92. *"But you,"* etc.; nothing was more common than such huff-cap pretending braggarts as Pistol in the Poet's age; they are the continual subject of satire to his contemporaries.—H. N. H.

such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvelously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and Colors. Enter King Henry, Gloucester and Soldiers.

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge? 100

Flu. Aye, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen? 110

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and

98. That is, I must tell him what was done at the bridge.—H. N. H.

his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full

116–120. Fluellen's description of Bardolph forcibly recalls Chaucer's Sompnour in the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* (Qq., *"whelkes, and knubs, and pumples"* for *"bubukles, and whelks, and knobs"*).—I. G.

127–129. These lines appear to convey a pointed allusion to Essex's campaign in Ireland, and are in any case significant of Shakespeare's judgment upon the harsh policy commonly pursued there.—C. H. H.

"lenity," Rowe's emendation from Qq.; Ff., *"Levity."*—I. G.

130. *"habit"; i. e.* sleeveless coat, the herald's tabard.—I. G.

141. *"upon our cue"*; that is, in our turn.—H. N. H.

ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have

147. *"in weight to re-answer";* to repay in full measure.—C. H. H.
166. *"of craft and vantage";* who has both a natural superiority and the cunning to make the best of it.—C. H. H.

Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolor: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

178. *"God before"* was then used for *God being my guide.*—H. N. H.

180. *"There's for thy labor";* Shakespeare found in Holinshed that the king gave the herald "a princely reward."—C. H. H.

186, 187. The Poet here follows very close upon the chronicler: "And so Montjoy king at armes was sent to the king of England, to defie him as the enemie of France, and to tell him that he should shortlie have battell. King Henrie answered,—'mine intent is to doo as it pleaseth God: I will not seeke your master at this time;

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now. 190

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

The French camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armor of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armor; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armor?

but if he or his seeke me, I will meet with them, God willing. If anie of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journie now towards Calis, at their jeopardie be it; and yet I wish not anie of you so unadvised, as to be the occasion that I die your tawnie ground with your red bloud!' When he had thus answered the herald, he gave him a princelie reward, and licence to depart." It was customary thus to reward heralds, whatever might be the nature of their message.—H. N. H.

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ca, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He 's of the color of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn

14. *"entrails were hairs";* alluding to the bounding of tennis balls, which were stuffed with hair.—H. N. H.

15. *"chez les narines";* Capell, *"qui a";* Ff., *"ches";* Heath conj. *"voyez,"* &c.—I. G.

the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight strossers.

45. *"Wonder of Nature,"* probably the first words of a sonnet or lyric of the time.—I. G.

61. *"strossers";* so in the original, but in modern editions improperly changed to *trossers.* Mr. Dyce shows that *strossers* was not a misprint for *trossers,* but another form of the word, as the latter is but another form of *trowsers.* Thus in Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook:* "Nor the Danish sleeve sagging down like a Welch wallet, the Italian's close *strosser,* nor the French standing collar." And in Middleton's *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's:* "Or, like a toiling

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. 'Le chien est retourné son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:' thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armor that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

usurer, sets his son a-horseback in cloth-of-gold, while himself goes to the devil a-foot in a pair of old *strossers.*"—As for the thing meant, it was not what we now understand by the word, being *strait,* that is, tight, and exactly fitted to the shape. Thus in Bulwer's *Pedigree of the English Gallant,* 1653: "Now our hose are made so close to our breeches, that, like the *Irish trossers,* they too manifestly discover the dimensions of every part." Remains but to add, that *strait strossers* is here used figuratively, meaning that he had *no trowsers on but what he was born with;* as the Irish Kerns commonly rode without breeches.—H. N. H.

69, 70. His mistress wears *his* own hair, because his *horse* is his mistress. So that the changing of *his* to *her* in modern editions is wrong.—H. N. H.

73, 74. *"Le chien . . . au bourbier";* "the dog is returned to his own vomit, and the washed out sow to the mire," *cp. 2* Peter ii. *22.*—I. G.

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I 'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.
Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.
Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.
Orl. I know him to be valiant.
Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.
Orl. What 's he?
Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.
Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.
Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valor; and when it appears, it will bate.
Orl. Ill will never said well.
Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'
Orl. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'
Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.'
Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'
Con. You have shot over.
Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

127, 128. *"'tis a hooded valor, . . . bate";* this pun depends upon the equivocal use of *bate.* When a hawk is unhooded, her first action is to bate, that is, beat her wings, or flutter. The Constable would insinuate that the Dauphin's courage, when he prepares for encounter, will *bate,* that is, soon diminish or evaporate.—H. N. H.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Aye, but these English are shrewdly out
of beef.
Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have
only stomachs to eat and none to fight.
Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?
Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,

1. *"conjecture";* imagination.—C. H. H.

2. *"poring";* purblind.—C. H. H.

9. *"umber'd";* I suspect that nothing more is meant than *shadow'd face.* The epithet *paly flames* is against the other interpretation. *Umbre* for *shadow* is common in our elder writers. Thus Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions,* Prologue: "Under the *umber* of an oke with bowes pendant" (Singer).—H. N. H.

13. *"closing rivets up";* this does not solely refer to the riveting the plate armor before it was put on, but as to a part when it was

Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the crippled tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,

on. The top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of iron that passed through a hole pierced through the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the smith or armorer presented himself, with his riveting hammer, *to close the rivet up;* so that the party's head should remain steady, notwithstanding the force of any blow that might be given on the cuirass or helmet.—H. N. H.

16. *"name";* Tyrwhitt's conj.; Ff., *"nam'd."*—I. G.

19. The Poet took this from Holinshed: "The Frenchmen in the meane while, as though they had beene sure of victorie, made great triumph; for the capteins had determined how to divide the spoile, and the soldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice." —H. N. H.

20. *"cripple tardy-gaited";* Ff., *"creeple-tardy-gated."*—I. G.

26. *"Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats";* Capell, *"And war-worn coats, investing lank-lean cheeks";* Hanmer, *"In wasted";* Warburton, *"Invest in";* Beckett conj. *"Infesting,"* &c.—I. G.

Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends and country-
men.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.
[*Exit.*

46. *"as may unworthiness define";* as far as their unworthy natures permit.—C. H. H.

Scene I

The English camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out.
For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king.'

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:

Sc. 1. "Bedford"; the historical duke of Bedford, left as "Custos" in England, was not at Agincourt.—C. H. H.

And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exeunt all but King.*

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

23. *"with casted slough";* the allusion is to the casting of the *slough* or skin of the snake annually, by which act he is supposed to regain new vigor and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. *Légèreté,* French.—H. N. H.

35. *"Qui va là";* Rowe's emendation of Ff. *"che vous la?"*—I. G.

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.
Pist. The king 's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?
K. Hen. Harry le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.
Pist. Tell him, I 'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.
K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.
Pist. The figo for thee, then!
K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!
Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!
Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient

65. *"speak lower";* so Q. 3, adopted by Malone; Qq. 1, 2, *"lewer";* Ff., *"fewer"; cp.* "to speak few," a provincialism for "to speak low"; (according to Steevens, who prefers the folio reading).—I. G.

prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king. I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

98. *"Sir Thomas";* Theobald's correction of Ff. *"John."*—I. G.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honorable.

Will. That 's more than we know.

Bates. Aye, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent

about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle, war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they

160. *"sinfully miscarry upon the sea"*; Pope reads from Qq. *"fall into some lewd action and miscarry."*—I. G.

would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Aye, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a

198. *"mote"*; Malone's emendation of Ff. *"Moth"*; Qq., *"moath."* —I. G.

private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here 's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king:
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshipers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

254–257. *"but it is,"* etc.; of course reference is here had to the old doctrine, that marring or defacing the king's image on the coin was equivalent to making war on the king.—H. N. H.

258. There is something very striking and solemn in the soliloquy into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment (Johnson).—H. N. H.

What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the scepter and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,

273. *"What is thy soul of adoration?";* Knight's reading; F. 1 reads, *"What? is thy Soule of Odoration?";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Adoration";* Warburton, *"What is thy toll, O adoration?";* Hanmer, *"What is thy shew of adoration?";* Johnson, *"What is thy soul, O adoration?"* &c., &c. (*v.* Glossary).—I. G.

This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone changed to "What is *the* soul of adoration?" The present reading is sufficiently intelligible: "O ceremony, show me what value thou art of! What is thy soul or essence of external worship or adoration?"—H. N. H.

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labor, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Re-enter Erpingham.

Exp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent.

303. *i. e.* rises at dawn.—C. H. H.

312. *"advantages";* benefit (the peasant). The singular after "hours" is probably due to the notion of "peace," the real source of the benefit.—C. H. H.

I 'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,

319, 320. *"take from them now the sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers";* Tyrwhitt's reading; Ff., *"take . . . reck'ning of the opposed numbers:";* Theobald, *"take . . . reck'ning; lest th' opposed numbers,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

324. *"interred new";* Holinshed relates that Richard's body was removed from Langley, "with all funeral dignity convenient for his estate," to Westminster.—C. H. H.

330. *"two chantries";* one of these was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem;* the other was for religious men and women of the order of St. Bridget, and was named *Sion.* They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of Sheen, now called Richmond.—H. N. H.

333, 334. "Since after all my acts of atonement it remains needful for my pardon that I should repent."—C. H. H.

King. "O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear;"

King Henry V. Act 4, Scene 1.

Imploring pardon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Aye;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The French camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armor; up, my lords!

Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! laquais! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre.

Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu.

Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,

4. *"Via"*; an exclamation of encouragement, *on, away;* of Italian origin. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act ii. sc. 2.—H. N. H.

4–6. The incoherent French scraps are in any case meant to suggest ostentatious valor, probably somewhat to this effect: "Water and earth I will ride through—"; to which Orleans replies ironically: "Anything further? Air and fire?"—"Aye, and heaven, cousin Orleans."—C. H. H.

And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honors must not. What 's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;

35. The *"tucket-sonnance,"* or *sounding* of the *tucket,* was a flourish

For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favoredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades

on a trumpet as a signal.—The Constable's spirits are kicking up their heels and dancing in merry scorn; *the note to mount* and *dare the field* being terms fitter for a sporting excursion than for a war tussle. Johnson remarks,—"He uses the terms of the field, as if they were going out only to the chase for sport. To *dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are *dared* when, by the falcon in the air, they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand."—H. N. H.

39, 40. Holinshed gives the following account of the march from Harfleur to Agincourt: "The Englishmen were brought into some distresse in this journie, by reason of their vittels in maner spent, and no hope to get more; for the enemies had destroied all the corne before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarmes did ever so infest them: dailie it rained, nightlie it freezed: of fuell there was great scarsitie, of fluxes plentie: monie inough, but wares for their releefe to bestowe it on had they none."—H. N. H.

45. *"candlesticks";* ancient candlesticks were often in the form of human figures holding the socket, for the lights, in their extended hands. They are mentioned in *Vittoria Corombona,* 1612: "He showed like a pewter candlestick, fashioned like a man in armor, holding a tilting staff in his hand little bigger than a candle."—H. N. H.

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon: to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt*

56. *"prayers";* two syllables.—C. H. H.

60. *"I stay but for my guidon";* thus in Holinshed: "They thought themselves so sure of victorie, that diverse of the noblemen made such hast toward the battell, that they left manie of their servants and *men of warre* behind them, and some of them would not once *staie* for their *standards;* as amongst other the duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet,* and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of his standard."—H. N. H.

Scene III

The English camp.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all his host: Salisbury and Westmoreland.

Glou. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.
Exe. There 's five to one; besides they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I 'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Sc. 3. Enter Gloucester, etc. The historical Salisbury and Westmoreland (as well as Bedford) were not present at Agincourt (Stone's *Holinshed,* p. 187). But Shakespeare hardly had access to the evidence that they were not.—C. H. H.

4. *"There's five to one";* Holinshed, who also gives the French numbers as 60,000, reckons them to have been "six to one." But he estimates Henry's force on the march to Calais as 15,000. Shakespeare would seem to have taken a mean between these proportions. —C. H. H.

10. *"my kind kinsman";* this is addressed to Westmoreland by the speaker, who was *Thomas Montacute,* earl of Salisbury: he was not in point of fact related to Westmoreland; there was only a kind of connection by marriage between their families.—H. N. H.

11–14. In Ff. vv. 13, 14 are given to Bedford, and placed before v. 12. The present arrangement is due to Thirlby.—C. H. H.

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.
[*Exit Salisbury.*

Bed. He is as full of valor as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What 's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;

16. *"O that we now had here,"* etc. Shakespeare had no authority for assigning this wish to Westmoreland, who (as stated) was not present at Agincourt at all. In Qq. it is attributed to Warwick, who was also absent, being Governor of Calais. It is known from the *Gesta* to have been Sir Walter Hungerford.—C. H. H.

20, 21. Here again the Poet found something in the chronicler to work upon: "It is said that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus, 'I would to God there were with us now so manie good soldiers as are at this houre within England!' the king answered,—I would not wish a man more here than I have: we are indeed in comparison of the enemies but a few, but, if God of his clemencie doo favour us and our cause, as I trust he will, we shall speed well inough. And if so be that for our offenses sakes we shall be delivered into the hands of our enemies, the lesse number we be, the lesse damage shall the realme of England susteine."—H. N. H.

King. "Rather, proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:"

King Henry V. Act 4, Scene 3.

It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'

38. Coleridge suggests that this line should read,—"We should not *live* in that man's company"; thus making a natural antithesis to *die* in the next line.—H. N. H.

39. *"his fellowship to die with us";* to be our comrade in death.—C. H. H.

40. *"the feast of Crispian"* falls upon the 25th October.—I. G.

44. *"He that shall live this day, and see";* Pope's reading; Ff., *"He that shall see this day and live";* Qq., *"He that outlives this day and sees."*—I. G.

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:

48. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

This line, if not strictly necessary to the sense, is indispensable to the picture. It was rightly restored by Malone.—C. H. H.

52. *"his mouth";* so Ff.; Qq., *"their mouths";* Pope, *"their mouth."* —I. G.

Modern editions, except Knight's and Verplanck's, change *his mouth* into *their mouths.* This is done, no doubt, to make it harmonize with *their cups* just below. It is a parlous thing to meddle much with Shakespeare's words. Here it is the *old man* in whose mouth the names of his great companions are to be as *household words,* while they are to be *freshly called to mind* by the *friends* who are feasting with him.—H. N. H.

53. *"Bedford and Exeter,"* etc. Of these "names," only Gloucester and Exeter were at Agincourt. Talbot, not elsewhere mentioned in this connection, is no doubt the hero of *1 Hen. VI.*—C. H. H.

56. *"the good man";* the good man, head of the family. "How the good man taught his son" was a proverbial title for maxims of morality and edification.—C. H. H.

63. That is, shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. King

And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?
West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Henry V inhibited any person, but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, from bearing coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt.—H. N. H.

76. By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. The poet, inattentive to numbers, puts *five thousand,* but in the last scene the French are said to be full *threescore thousand,* which Exeter declares to be five to one. The numbers of the English are variously stated; Holinshed makes them fifteen thousand, others but nine thousand.—H. N. H.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dung-hills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,

96. *"native"; i. e.* English.—C. H. H.

And draw their honors reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valor in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There 's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They 'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:

102. *"clime"*; air.—C. H. H.

104. *"abounding"*; used with a consciousness of the (false) etymology from "bound."—C. H. H.

105. *"grazing"*; glancing off, after inflicting a wound.—C. H. H.

107. *"in relapse of mortality"*; in the very act of being resolved into their mortal elements; as they decompose.—C. H. H.

They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The field of battle.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

"Enter York"; this *Edward* duke of York has already appeared in *King Richard II* as *duke of Aumerle.* He was the son of Edmund of Langley, the duke of York of the same play, who was the fifth son of King Edward III.—H. N. H.

4. *"Qualtitie calmie custure me";* probably Pistol catches the last

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!
Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.
Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!
Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.
Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

word of the French soldier's speech, repeats it, and adds the refrain of a popular Irish song, *"Calen, O custure me"*="colleen oge astore," *i. e.* "young girl, my treasure." The popularity of the song is evidenced by the following heading of one of the songs in Robinson's *Hanaful of Pleasant Delights* (*cp.* Arber's Reprint, p. 33): *"A Sonet of a Lover in the praise of his lady. To Calen o custure me; sung at euerie lines end";* first pointed out by Malone.—I. G.

Boswell found the notes in Playford's *Musical Companion;* but it is there given *Callino, castore me.* We prefer for obvious reasons the form most likely to have fallen under the Poet's eye. Mr. Boswell says the words mean "Little girl of my heart, for ever and ever"; and he adds,—"They have, it is true, no great connection with the poor Frenchman's supplications, nor were they meant to have any. Pistol, instead of attending to him, contemptuously hums a tune."—H. N. H.

9. *"Fox"* is an old cant word for a *sword;* it was applied to the old English broadsword. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair:* "A fellow that knows nothing but a basket hilt and an *old fox* in it." —H. N. H.

14. *"rim";* Pistol is not very scrupulous in his language: he uses *rim* for the *intestines* generally. It is not very clear what our ancestors meant by it: Bishop Wilkins defines it "the membrane of the belly"; Florio makes it the omentum, "a fat pannicle, caule, sewet, *rim,* or kell wherein the bowels are lapt." Holland, in his *Translation of Pliny,* several times mentions "the *rim* of the paunch." And in Chapman's *Version of the Iliad:* "The lance his target tooke, and in his bellies *rimme* was sheath'd, beneath his girdle-stead."—H. N. H.

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?
Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!
Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.
Boy. Ecoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?
Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.
Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.
Pist. Master Fer! I 'll fer him, and firk him,
and ferret him: discuss the same in French
unto him.
Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and
ferret, and firk.
Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.
Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?
Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous
faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé
tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.
Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave
crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.
Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de
Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme
de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous
donnerai deux cents écus.
Pist. What are his words?
Boy. He prays you to save his life; he is a
gentleman of a good house; and for his
ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.
Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?
Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.
Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.
Pist. Expound unto me, boy.
Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.
Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me!
Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitain. [*Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one

77. *"this roaring devil i' the old play";* alluding to the standing character of the Devil in the Morality plays.—I. G.

In the old play of *The Taming of a Shrew,* one of the players says,—"My lord, we must have a little vinegar to make our *devil roar.*" *Ho! ho!* and *Ah! ha!* seem to have been the exclamations

may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

Scene V

Another part of the field.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!
Do not run way. [*A short alarum.*

constantly given to the devil, who is, in the old mysteries, as turbulent and vainglorious as Pistol. The Vice or fool, among other indignities, used to threaten to pare his nails with his dagger of lath; the devil being supposed from choice to keep his claws long and sharp. —H. N. H.

5. *"O mechanté fortune!";* "Ludicrous as these introductory scraps of French appear, so instantly followed by good nervous mother English, yet they are judicious, and produce the impression which Shakespeare intended—a sudden feeling struck at once on the ears, as well as the eyes, of the audience, that 'here comes the French, the baffled French braggarts!' And this will appear still more judicious, when we reflect on the scanty apparatus of dis-

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O perdurable shame! let 's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honor: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The devil take order now! I 'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*

tinguishing dresses in Shakespeare's tyring-room" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

11. *"Let us die in honor; once"*; Knight's emendation; Ff. 1, *"Let us dye in once"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Let us flye in once,"* &c. Omitted by Pope.—I. G.

The folio has this line thus: "Let us dye in once more backe againe"; where it is evident, from the defect both of sense and of meter, that a word has dropped out after *in*. *Honor* is taken from the quarto, where is found,—*"Lets dye with honor."* Malone supplied *fight*, Theobald *instant;* no one till Knight having resorted to the quarto, whither all manifestly should have gone.—H. N. H.

15. That is, who has no more gentility.—H. N. H.

18. *"our lives"*; Steevens adds from Qq., *"Unto these English, or else die with fame"*; Vaughan conj. *"Unto these English, or else die with shame."*—I. G.

Scene VI

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all 's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!'
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.
[*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Another part of the field.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms; 'tis as arrant

Sc. 7. Holinshed relates that some six hundred French horsemen, "being the first that fled," "hearing that the English tents and pavilions were a good way distant from the army, without any sufficient guard, entered the camp, slew the servants, and plundered the treasure."—C. H. H.

a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there 's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Aye, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge,

10. *"cut his prisoner's throat";* this matter is thus related by Holinshed: "While the battell thus continued, certeine Frenchmen on horsseback, to the number of six hundred, which were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents and pavillions were without anie sufficient gard, entred upon the king's campe, and there spoiled the hails, robbed the tents, brake up chests, and carried awaie caskets, and slue such servants as they found to make anie resistance. But when the outcrie of the lackies and boies, which ran awaie for feare of the Frenchmen, came to the king's eares, he, doubting least his enemies should gather togither againe, and begin a new field, and mistrusting further that the prisoners would be an aid to his enemies, or the verie enemies to their takers in deed, if they were suffered to live, contrarie to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sound of trumpet, that everie man, upon paine of death, should incontinentlie slaie his prisoner." It appears afterwards, however, that the king, upon finding the danger was not so great as he at first thought, stopped the slaughter, and was able to save a great number. It is observable that the king gives as his reason for the order, that he expected another battle, and had not men enough to guard one army and fight another. Gower here assigns a different reason. Holinshed gives both reasons, and the Poet chose to put one in the king's mouth, the other in Gower's.—H. N. H.

or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, saves the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and

32. *"alike"*; so Ff.; Rowe reads *"as like."*—I. G.

comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I 'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

47. *"made";* Capell, following Qq., reads *"made an end."*—I. G.

53. *"the fat knight,"* etc.; Johnson observes that this is the last time Falstaff can make sport. The Poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could.—H. N. H.

68. *"Assyrian slings";* Theobald compared Judith ix. 7, and defended the reading against Warburton's proposed *"Balearian"* (afterwards withdrawn).—I. G.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer

74. *"what means this, herald?"*; Steevens' reading; F. 1, *"what meanes this herald?"*; F. 2, 3, 4, *"what means their herald"*; Hanmer conj. *"what mean'st thou, herald?"*—I. G.

75. *"fined"*; agreed to pay as a fine.—C. H. H.

84. *"their wounded steeds"*; Ff. *"with,"* corrected by Malone. The Quartos omit the line.—I. G.

And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honorable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honor;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I

110. *"Monmouth caps";* Fuller, in his *Worthies of Monmouthshire,* says,—"The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *cappers'* chapel doth still remain." He adds,—"If at this day the phrase of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acceptation, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion."—H. N. H.

can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's country- 120
man, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.
[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap? 130

Will. An 't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly. 140

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favor for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon

146. *"quite from the answer of his degree";* removed by his rank from all possibility of answering the challenge of a man of Williams' station.—C. H. H.

148. *"as good a gentleman as the devil is";* this was proverbial; cf. Lear's "The prince of darkness is a gentleman."—C. H. H.

166. *"when Alençon and myself were down together";* Henry was felled to the ground by the duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the duke's attendants. Alençon was afterwards killed by the king's *guard,* contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to save him.—H. N. H.

and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honors as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an't please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an 't please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favor
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII

Before King Henery's pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I 'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That 's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in

his majesty's name, apprehend him: he 's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what 's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

23. *"contagious";* for "outrageous."—C. H. H.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offenses, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you to take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offense; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honor in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king; John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt: Of other lords and barons, knights and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

87. The catalogue closely follows Holinshed both in names and numbers.—C. H. H.

The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?
[*Herald shows him another paper.*
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

105. *"cross-bows"*; cross-bow men.—C. H. H.

117. *"But five and twenty"*; Holinshed gives this as the report of "some"; adding, "but other writers of greater credit affirm, that there were slain above five or six hundred persons."—C. H. H.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!
K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.
Flu. Is it not lawful, an 't please your majesty,
to tell how many is killed? 130
K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.
Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.
K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum;'
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men. [*Exeunt.*

130. "The king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreit to be blowen; and, gathering his army togither, gave thanks to Almightie God for so happie a victorie, causing his prelats and chapleins to sing this psalme,—*In exitu Israel de Egypto;* and commanded every man to kneele downe on the ground at this verse, —*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.* Which doone, he caused Te Deum with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force or anie humane power" (Holinshed).—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;

Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,

29. *"by a lower but loving likelihood";* to compare Henry's triumphal entry with another, less momentous, but not less welcome.—C. H. H.

30–35. The allusion is to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was sent to Ireland in 1599 to suppress Tyrone's rebellion; he left London on March 27, and returned on September 28 (*v.* Preface).—I. G.

38. *"The emperor's coming"; i. e.* "the emperor is coming," or (better) "the emperor's coming," parallel to "the King of England's stay at home." The line refers to the visit of Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, May 1, 1416. Malone supposed that a line had dropped out before *"The Emperor,"* &c.; Capell re-wrote the passage. It seems, however, that if instead of a semi-colon, a comma is placed after *"at home,"* the lines are perfectly intelligible as they stand.—I. G.

To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eves advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [*Exit.*

Scene I

France. The English camp.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that 's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

6. *"scauld";* scabby.—C. H. H.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkeycock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkeycocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you.

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray

35. *"Trojan";* knave.—C. H. H.

41. *"a squire of low degree";* alluding to the burlesque romance so entitled.—C. H. H.

you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you, it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Aye, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in

44. *"astonished"*; stunned.—H. N. H.

cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honor is cudgeled. Well, bawd I 'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I 'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgel'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.
[*Exit.*

91. *"Doll"*; Capell, *"Nell"*; which is probably the correct reading, though Shakespeare may himself have made the mistake.—I. G.

"Exit"; the comic scenes of these plays are now at an end, and

Scene II

France. A royal palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Alice and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy, and his train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

Sc. 2. The scene of Henry's betrothal, according to Holinshed, was "S. Peter's Church" at Troyes.—C. H. H.

1. That is, Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting. Here, Johnson thought, the chorus should have been prefixed, and the fifth act begin.—H. N. H.

7. *"Burgundy";* Rowe's emendation, from Qq., of F. 1, *"Burgogne";* Ff. 2, 4, *"Burgoigne";* F. 3, *"Bargoigne."*—I. G.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.
Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labor'd,
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavors,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,

11. *"So are you, princes English, every one"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"So are you princes (English) every one"*; F. 4, *"So are you princes (English every one)."*—I. G.

12. *"England"*; so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1 reads *"Ireland."*—I. G.

19. *"have"*; the plural by attraction after "looks."—C. H. H.

27. *"bar"*; that is, this *barrier*, this place of congress. The chronicles represent a former interview in a field near Melun, with a *barre* or barrier of separation between the pavilions of the French and English; but the treaty was then broken off. It was now renewed at Troyes, but the scene of conference was St. Peter's church in that town, a place inconvenient for Shakespeare's action; his editors have therefore laid it in a palace.—H. N. H.

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,

50. *"all"*; Rowe's reading; Ff. *"withall."*—I. G.
55. *"natures"*; it has been proposed to read *nurtures*, that is, cul-

Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favor
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenores and particular effects
You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace

ture. But Steevens concurs in Upton's opinion, that change is unnecessary. They were not defective in their *crescive* nature, for they grew to wildness; but they were defective in their proper and favorable nature, which was to bring forth food for man.—H. N. H.

61. *"diffused"*; it appears from *Florio's Dictionary,* that *diffused,* or *defused,* was used for *confused.*—H. N. H.

To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.
K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands;
And we 'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?
Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.
K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

82. *"Pass our accept";* Warburton reads, *"Pass, or accept";* Malone conj. *"Pass, or except,"* &c.—I. G.

To *"pass"* here signifies "to finish, end, or agree upon the acceptance which we shall give them, and return our peremptory answer." Thus in *The Taming of the Shrew:* "To *pass* assurance of a dower," is to agree upon a settlement. "To passe over; *to passe,* to finish or agree upon some businesse or matter. *Transigo.*" (Baret).—H. N. H.

85. *"Huntingdon";* John Holland, earl of Huntingdon, who afterwards married the widow of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March. Neither Huntingdon nor Clarence are in the list of Dramatis Personæ, as neither of them speak a word.—H. N. H.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainst dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

123. *"dat is de princess";* probably incomplete. Alice may be sup-

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you:' then if you urge me farther than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the cor-

posed to wish to qualify the candor of the sentiment, when the king cuts her short.—C. H. H.

125–136. Johnson thinks this blunt, honest kind of English wooing inconsistent with the previous character of the king, and quotes the Dauphin's *opinion* of him, "that he was fitter for a ball room than the field." This opinion, however, was erroneous. Shakespeare only meant to characterize English downright sincerity; and surely the previous habits of Henry, as represented in former scenes, do not make us expect great refinement or polish in him upon this occasion, especially as fine speeches would be lost upon the princess, from her ignorance of his language.—H. N. H.

142. *"measure";* is played upon in three senses: (1) meter; (2) a stately dance; (3) amount.—C. H. H.

K. Hen. "I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, I love you; then if you urge me further than to say, Do you, in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do."

King Henry V. Act 5, Scene 2.

rection of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and

172. *"fall"*; that is, shrink, fall away.—H. N. H.

not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love the enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is 't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

228–231. *"compound . . . beard";* an unconsciously ironical reference to Henry's actual successor, of whom no such exploit is recorded. But there may be also an allusion to the project of the Emperor Sigismund, who visited Henry in England, with a view to a European alliance against the Turk. Shakespeare could have read this in Halle.—C. H. H.

230. *"take the Turk by the beard";* this is one of the Poet's anachronisms. The Turks had not possession of Constantinople until the year 1453, when Henry had been dead thirty-one years.—H. N. H.

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say

'Harry of England, I am thine:' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

274. *"queen of all, Katharine";* Capell conj., adopted by Dyce, *"queen of all Katharines."*—I. G.

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs courtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stop the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French King and his Queen, Burgundy, and other Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly,

your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article.
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre trèscher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France; and thus in Latin,

384. *"Héritier"*; Ff. read *"Heretere"*; *"Præclarissimus"*; so Ff.;

Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciae.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,

Rann reads *"Percarissimus";* the error is, however, copied from Holinshed.—I. G.

That never may ill offense, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen.

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we 'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;

419. *"Sennet"*; F. 1, *"Senet"*; F. 2, *"Sonet,"* as though referring to the fourteen lines of the Epilogue.—I. G.

4. That is, by touching only on select parts.—H. N. H.

By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.
[*Exit.*

13. *"Which oft our stage hath shown"; vide* Preface to 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*—I. G.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A', he; (Rowe, *"he"*); II. iii. 11.

Abounding, rebounding, (?) a bounding; (Qq.; *"abundant"*; Theobald, *"a bounding"*); IV. iii. 104.

Abutting, contiguous; Prol. I. 21.

Accept, acceptance (? accepted); V. ii. 82.

Accomplishing, equipping, giving the finishing touches to; Prol. IV. 12.

Accompt, account; Prol. I. 17.

Achievement; "for a.," *i. e.* "instead of achieving a victory," (Malone, others, "to bring the affair to a conclusion"); III. v. 60.

Act, practice, working; I. ii. 189.

Addiction, inclination; I. i. 54.

Addrest, ready; III. iii. 58.

Admiration, astonishment; II. ii. 108.

Advance, raise, unfurl; II. ii. 192.

Advantageable, advantageous; V. ii. 88.

Advantages, interest, additions; IV. iii. 50.

Adventures, risks; IV. i. 124.

Advice; "on his more a.," on better consideration; II. ii. 43.

Advised; "be a.," consider; I. ii. 251.

Afeard, afraid; IV. i. 152.

Affiance, confidence; II. ii. 127.

After, afterwards; IV. ii. 59.

All-unable, very weak; Epil. I.

All-watched, spent in watching; Prol. IV. 38.

Ancient, ensign; II. i. 3.

Annoy, hurt; II. ii. 102.

Another, the other; I. ii. 113.

Answer, be ready for battle; II. iv. 3.

Antics, buffoons; (Ff. *"Antiques"*); III. ii. 33.

Apace, quickly; IV. viii. 3.

Appearance, sight, visibleness; (Ff. 1, 2, *"apparance"*); II. ii. 76.

Appertinents, appurtenances; II. ii. 87.

Apprehension, perception; III. vii. 153.

Approbation, attestation, ratification; I. ii. 19.

Apt, ready; II. ii. 86.

Arbitrement, decision; IV. i. 174.

Argument, cause of quarrel; III. i. 21; theme, III. vii. 39.

Armor, suit of armor; III. vii. 1.

Assays, hostile attempts; (Malone, *"essays"*); I. ii. 151.

As were, as though there were; II. iv. 20.

Athwart, across; Prol. V. 9.

Attaint, infection; Prol. IV. 39.

Aunchient, ensign; V. i. 19.

Aunchient lieutenant, (so Ff. 1, 2, Ff. 3, 4, *"auncient"*; Malone from Qq., *"ensign"*), "An-

cient," Pistol's title according to Fluellen; III. vi. 13.

AVAUNT, away, begone; III. ii. 21.

AWKWARD, unfair; II. iv. 85.

BALLS, (1) eyeballs, (2) cannon-balls; V. ii. 17.

BALM, consecrated oil used for anointing kings; IV. i. 288.

BANKRUPT (F., *"banqu'rout"*); IV. ii. 43.

BAR, impediment, exception; I. ii. 35; "barrier, place of congress" (Johnson); V. ii. 27.

BARBASON, the name of a fiend; II. i. 61.

BASILISKS, (1) serpents who were supposed to kill by a glance; (2) large cannon; used in both senses of the word; V. ii. 17.

BATE, flap the wings, as the hawk does when, unhooded, she tries to fly at the game (used quibblingly); III. vii. 128.

BATTLE, army; Prol. IV. 9.

BAWCOCK, a term of endearment; III. ii. 25.

BEAVER, visor of a helmet; IV. ii. 44.

BECOME, grace; I. ii. 8.

BEFORE-BREACH, breach committed in former time; IV. i. 186.

BEGUILING, deceiving; IV. i. 178.

BENDING, bending beneath the burden of the task; (Warburton conj. *"blending"*); Epil. 2.

BEND UP, strain (like a bow); III. i. 16.

BENT, (1) glance, (2) aim; V. ii. 16.

BESHREW, a mild oath; V. ii. 250.

BESMIRCH'D, soiled, stained; IV. iii. 110.

BEST, bravest; III. ii. 40.

BESTOW YOURSELF, repair to your post; IV. iii. 68.

BLOOD, temperament, passion; II. ii. 133.

BLOODY, bloodthirsty; II. iv. 51.

——, "b. flag," *i. e.* signal of bloody war; I. ii. 101.

BOLTED, sifted; II. ii. 137.

BONNET, covering of the head, cap; IV. i. 233.

BOOK, to register; IV. vii. 79.

BOOT; "make b.", make booty; I. ii. 194.

BOOTLESS, uselessly; III. iii. 24.

BOTTOMS, ships, vessels; Prol. III. 12.

BOUND; "b. my horse," *i. e.* make my horse curvet; V. ii. 148.

BRAGGART, boaster; (Ff., *"Braggard"*); II. i. 68.

BRAVE, bravely decked, finely appointed; Prol. III. 5.

BRAVELY, making a fine show; IV. iii. 69.

BREAK, rend; III. iii. 40; disclose; V. ii. 275.

BREATH, breathing time; II. iv. 145.

BRIM (used adjectivally); I. ii. 150, f.

BRING, accompany; II. iii. 2.

BROACHED, spitted; Prol. V. 32.

BROKEN MUSIC; "some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, &c., were formerly made in sets of four, which, when played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music'"; (Chappell; W. A. Wright); V. ii. 273.

Bruised, battered, dented; Prol. V. 18.

Bubukles, a corruption of carbuncles; (Qq., *"pumples"*; Capell, *"pupuncles"*); III. vi. 116.

Buffet, box; V. ii. 148.

Bully, dashing fellow; IV. i. 48.

Burnet, the name of a herb (*sanguisorba officinalis*); V. ii. 49.

But, used after a strong asseveration; III. v. 12.

Cadwallader, the last of the Welsh Kings; V. i. 29.

Capet; *i. e.* Hugh Capet, the ancestor of the French Kings; I. ii. 78.

Capital, chief; V. ii. 96.

Captived, taken captive; II. iv. 55.

Career, race; (Ff. 1, 2, *"Carriere"*); III. iii. 23.

Careers, gallopings of a horse backwards and forwards; a course run at full speed; "passes careers" probably = "indulges in sallies of wit"; I. i. 140.

Careful, full of care; IV. i. 259.

Carefully, "more than c.," *i. e.* "with more than common care"; II. iv. 2.

Carry coals, pocket insults; III. ii. 52.

Case, set of four; a musical allusion; III. ii. 4.

Casques, helmets; (Capell's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Caskes,"* F. 4, *"Casket"*); Prol. I. 13.

Casted, cast, cast off; IV. i. 23.

Chace, a term in the game of tennis; a match played at tennis; I. ii. 266.

Chanced, happened; Prol. V. 40.

Charge, load, burden; I. ii. 15.

Chattels, goods generally; II. iii. 54.

Cheerly, cheerfully; II. ii. 192.

Childeric, the Merovingian king; I. n. 65.

Choler, wrath, anger; IV. vii. 194.

Christom, "a white vesture put upon the child after baptism; in the bills of mortality such children as died within the month were called *"chrisoms"*; (Qq. 1, 3, *"crysombd,"* Johnson, *"chrisom"*); II. iii. 12.

Chuck, a term of endearment; III. ii. 26.

Clear thy crystals, "dry thine eyes"; II. iii. 60.

Close, cadence, union; (F. 2, *"cloze"*); I. ii. 182.

Cloy'd, surfeited, satiated; II. ii. 9.

Comes o'er, reminds, taunts; I. ii. 267.

Companies, company, companions; I. i. 55.

Compassing, obtaining; IV. i. 323.

Compelled, enforced, exacted; III. vi. 124.

Complement, external appearance; (Theobald, *"compliment"*); II. ii. 134.

Compound with, come to terms with; IV. vi. 33.

Con, learn by heart; III. vi. 84.

Condition, temper, character; V. ii. 325.

Condole, lament, sympathize with; II. i. 142.

Conduct; "safe c.," escort, guard; I. ii. 297.

Confounded, ruined, wasted; III. i. 13.

Congreeing, agreeing; (Pope, *"Congruing,"* Qq., *"Congrueth"*); I. ii. 182.

CONGREETED, greeted each other; V. ii. 31.

CONSCIENCE, inmost thoughts, private opinion; IV. i. 123.

CONSENT, harmony, a musical term; I. ii. 181; unity of opinion; II. ii. 22.

CONSIDERATION, meditation, reflection; I. i. 28.

CONSIGN, agree; V. ii. 90.

CONSTANT, unshaken; II. ii. 133.

CONSTRAINT, compulsion; II. iv. 97.

CONTEMPLATION, observation; I. i. 63.

CONTRARIOUSLY, in contrary ways; I. ii. 206.

CONTRIVED, plotted; IV. i. 177.

CONVEY'D, secretly contrived to pass off; I. ii. 74.

CONVOY, conveyance; IV. iii. 37.

CORANTO, a quick and lively dance; (Johnson's emendation of Ff., *"Carranto"*); III. v. 33.

CORROBORATE (one of Pistol's meaningless words); II. i. 138.

COUCH DOWN, crouch down, stoop down; IV. ii. 37.

COULTER, plough-share; (Ff., *"Culter"*); V. ii. 46.

COUNTERFEIT, dissembling; V. i. 73.

COUPLE A GORGE! = coupe la gorge, perhaps merely Pistol's blunder; II. i. 79.

COURSING, hunting after booty, marauding; I. ii. 143.

COURTSEY, bow, yield; (Ff., *"cursie"*); V. ii. 303.

COUSIN, used as a title of courtesy; I. ii. 4.

COZ, cousin; (Ff., *"couze"*); IV. iii. 30.

CREATE, created; II. ii. 31.

CRESCIVE, growing; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"cressiue"*; F. 4, *crescive*); I. i. 66.

CRISPIN CRISPIAN, two brothers who suffered martyrdom; the patron saints of shoemakers; IV. iii. 57.

CRUSH'D, forced, strained; (Qq., Pope, *"c u r s t,"*; Warburton, *"'scus'd"*); I. ii. 175.

CULLIONS, base wretches; a term of abuse; III. ii. 21.

CUNNING, skill; V. ii. 152.

CURRANCE, current, flow; (F. 1, *"currance"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"currant"*; F. 4, *"current"*); I. i. 34.

CURSORARY, cursory (Ff., *"curselarie"*); V. ii. 77.

CURTAINS, banners, used contemptuously; IV. ii. 41.

CURTLE-AX, a corruption of cutlass, a broad, curved sword; IV. ii. 21.

DALLIANCE, trifling, toying; Prol. II. 2.

DARE, make to crouch in fear; a term of falconry; IV. ii. 36.

DARK, darkness; Prol. IV. 2.

DAUPHIN, the heir-apparent to the throne of France; (Ff., Qq., *"Dolphin"*); I. ii. 221.

DEAR, grievous; II. ii. 181.

DEFENDANT, defensive; II. iv. 8.

DEFENSIBLE, capable of offering resistance; III. iii. 50.

DEFUNCTION, death; I. ii. 58.

DEGREE; "of his d.", *i. e.* "of one of his rank"; IV. vii. 147.

DERACINATE, uproot; V. ii. 47.

DIFFUSED, wild, disordered; (Ff. 1, 2, *"defus'd"*); V. ii. 61.

DIGEST, reduce to order; (Pope, *"well digest,"* for *"we'll digest"*); Prol. II. 31.

DIGESTED, concocted; II. ii. 56.

DISCUSS, explain; III. ii. 68.

Dishonest, immoral, unchaste; (so Holinshed's 2nd edition; Capell, from Holinshed's 1st edition, *"unhonest"*); I. ii. 49.

Distemper, mental derangement, perturbation; II. ii. 54.

Distressful, hard earned; (Collier MS., *"distasteful"*); IV. i. 287.

Dout, extinguish, put out; IV. ii. 11.

Down-roping, hanging down in filaments; IV. ii. 48.

Drench, physic for a horse; III. v. 19.

Dress us, address ourselves, prepare ourselves; IV. i. 10.

Dull'd, made insensible; (Ff. 3, 4, *"lull'd"*; Steevens, *"dol'd"*); II. ii. 9.

Earnest, earnest money, money paid beforehand in pledge of a bargain; II. ii. 169.

Eke out, piece, lengthen out; (Pope's emendation, F. 1, *"eech"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"ech"*); Prol. III. 35.

Element, sky; IV. i. 107.

Embassy, message, I. i. 95; mission, I. ii. 240.

Embattled, arrayed for battle; IV. ii. 14.

Empery, empire; I. ii. 226.

Emptying, issue; III. v. 6.

End, end of the matter; (Steevens, from Qq., *"the humour of it"*); II. i. 11.

English, *i. e.* English King, or General; II. iv. 1.

Englutted, engulfed, swallowed up; IV. iii. 83.

Enlarge, release from prison, set at liberty; II. ii. 40.

Enow, enough; IV. i. 250.

Enrounded, surrounded; Prol. IV. 36.

Enscheduled, formally drawn up in writing; V. ii. 73.

Estate, state; IV. i. 101.

Even, "the e. of it," just what it is; II. i. 136.

Evenly, directly, in a straight line; II. iv. 91.

Even-pleach'd, evenly interturned; V. ii. 42.

Exception, disapprobation, objections; II. iv. 34.

Executors, executioners; I. ii. 203.

Exhale, draw; (according to Steevens, "die"); II. i. 70.

Exhibiters, the introducers of a bill in Parliament; I. i. 74.

Expedience, expedition; IV. iii. 70.

Expedition, march; II. ii. 191.

Faced, outfaced (used quibblingly); III. vii. 95.

Faculty, latent power; I. i. 66.

Fain, gladly, willingly; I. i. 85.

Fantastically, capriciously; II. iv. 27.

Farced, "f. title," "stuffed out with pompous phrases" (alluding perhaps to the herald going before the King to proclaim his full title); IV. i. 291.

Fatal and neglected, *i. e.* "fatally neglected; neglected to our destruction"; II. iv. 13.

Favor, appearance, aspect; V. ii. 63.

Fear'd, frightened; I. ii. 155.

Fell, cruel; III. iii. 17.

Fer, a word (probably meaningless) coined by Pistol, playing upon "Monsieur le Fer"; IV. iv. 29.

Ferret, worry (as a ferret does a rabbit); IV. iv. 30.
Fet, fetched; III. i. 18.
Fetlock, hair behind the pastern joint of horses; IV. vii. 85.
Few; "in f.," in brief, in a few words; I. ii. 245.
Figo, a term of contempt, accompanied by a contemptuous gesture; the word and habit came from Spain; hence "the fig of Spain"; III. vi. 63.
Fig of Spain, possibly an allusion to the poisoned figs given by Spaniards to the objects of their revenge (Steevens); according to others,= figo; III. vi. 66.
Find, furnish, provide; (Qq. Pope, *"fine"*); I. ii. 72.
Find-faults, fault-finders; V. ii. 308.
Finer end, probably Mrs. Quickly's error for "final end"; II. iii. 11.
Firk, beat, drub (Pistol's cant); IV. iv. 29.
Fits, befits, becomes; II. iv. 11.
Flesh'd, fed with flesh like a hound trained for the chase; II. iv. 50; hardened in bloodshed; III. iii. 11.
Flexure, bending; IV. i. 283.
Floods, rivers; I. ii. 45.
Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lys, the emblem of France; V. ii. 232.
Footed, landed; II. iv. 143.
For, "cold f. action," *i. e.* cold for want of action; I. ii. 114.
'Fore God, before God, a mild oath; II. ii. 1.
Forespent, past; II. iv. 36.
For us, as for us, as regards ourself; II. iv. 113.
Fox, sword; IV. iv. 9.
Fracted, broken; II. i. 138.
France, the King of France; Prol. II. 20.
Freely, liberally; I. ii. 231.
French; "the French,"= the French King, or general; IV. iv. 82.
French hose, wide loose breeches; III. vii. 61.
Fret, chafe; IV. vii. 85.
Friend, befriend; IV. v. 17.
Frighit, frighten; V. ii. 254.
From; "f. the answer" beyond, above answering the challenge; IV. vii. 146.
Full-fraught, fully freighted, fully laden with all virtues; II. ii. 139.
Fumitory, the name of a plant; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"fementary"*); V. ii. 45.

Gage, pledge; IV. i. 232.
Galled, worn away; III. i. 12.
Galliard, a nimble and lively dance; I. ii. 252.
Galling, harassing, I. ii. 151; scoffing; V. i. 78.
Gamester, player; III. vi. 128.
Garb, style; V. i. 85.
Gentle, make gentle, ennoble; IV. iii. 63.
Gentles, gentlefolks; Prol. I. 8.
Gesture, bearing; Prol. IV. 25.
Giddy, hot-brained, inconstant; I. ii. 145.
Gilt, used with a play upon "guilt"; Prol. II. 26.
Gimmal bit, a bit consisting of rings or links; (Ff., *"Iymold"*); IV. ii. 49.
Girded, enclosed, besieged; Prol. III. 27.
Gleaned, bare of defenders, undefended; I. ii. 151.
Gleeking, scoffing; V. i. 82.

Glistering, glittering, shining; II. ii. 117.
Gloze, interpret; I. ii. 40.
Go about, attempt; IV. i. 221.
God before, before God I swear; I. ii. 307.
God-den, good evening, I wish good evening; III. ii. 95.
Good leave, permission; V. ii. 98.
Gordian knot, "the celebrated knot of the Phrygian King Gordius, untied by Alexander"; I. i. 46.
Grace, ornament; Prol. II. 28.
Grant; "in g. of," by granting; II. iv. 121.
Grazing (Ff., 2, 3, 4, *"grasing"*; F. 1, *"crasing"*); IV. iii. 105.
Greenly, sheepishly, foolishly; V. ii. 151.
Groat, a coin worth four pence; V. i. 65.
Gross, palpable; II. ii. 103.
Guidon, standard; (Ff., *"Guard: on"*); IV. ii. 60.
Gulf, whirlpool; II. iv. 10.
Gun-stones, cannon balls, which were originally made of stone; I. ii. 282.

Had, would have; IV. i. 308.
Haggled, cut, mangled; IV. vi. 11.
Hampton, Southampton; II. ii. 91.
Handkerchers, handkerchiefs; III. ii. 54.
Handle, talk of; II. iii. 42.
Haply, perhaps, perchance; (F. 1, *"Happily"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"Happely"*); V. ii. 93.
Hard-favor'd, ugly; III. i. 8.
Hardiness, hardihood, bravery; I. ii. 220.
Harfleur; (Ff., *"Harflew"*); Prol. III. 17, *etc.*
Hazard, (technical term of tennis); I. ii. 263.
Head; "in h.," in armed force; II. ii. 18.
Heady, headstrong; (F. 1, *"headly"*; Capell conj. *"deadly"*); III. iii. 32.
Heaps; "on heaps"; in heaps; V. ii. 39.
Hearts, courage, valor; IV. i. 321.
Held, witheld, kept back; II. iv. 94.
Helm, helmet; IV. vii. 168.
Heroical, heroic; II. iv. 59.
Hilding, mean, base; (Prof. Skeat makes *hilding* a contraction for *hildering* = M. E., *hinderling* = base, degenerate); IV. ii. 29.
Hilts, a sword; used as singular; Prol. II. 9.
His, its; I. i. 66.
Honor-owing, honorable; IV. vi. 9.
Hooded, "a h. valor," *i. e.* covered, hidden as the hawk is hooded till it was let fly at the game; a term of falconry (used quibblingly); III. vii. 127.
Hoop, shout with surprise; (Ff. 1, 2, *"hoope"*; Theobald, *"whoop"*); II. ii. 108.
Hound of crete, (?) bloodhound; (perhaps mere Pistolian rant); II. i. 81.
Humorous, capricious; II. iv. 28.
Humor, II. i. 62, 64, 78 (used by Nym.)
Husbandry, thrift; IV. i. 7; tillage; V. ii. 39.
Huswife, hussy; V. i. 90.
Hydra-headed, alluding to the many headed serpent, which put forth new heads as soon

as the others were struck off; I. i. 35.

HYPERION, the god of the Sun; (F. 1, *"Hiperio"*); IV. i. 303.

ICELAND DOG, (*v.* Note); II. i. 47.

ILL-FAVOREDLY, in an ugly manner; IV. ii. 40.

IMAGINARY, imaginative; Prol. I. 18.

IMAGINED, "i. wing," *i. e.* the wings of imagination; Prol. III. 1.

IMBAR, (?)bar, exclude; or, (?) secure (*v.* Note); I. ii. 94.

IMP, scion, shoot; IV. i. 45.

IMPAWN, pawn, pledge; I. ii. 21.

IMPEACHMENT, hindrance; III. vi. 164.

IN, into; I. ii. 184.

——, by reason of; I. ii. 193.

INCARNATE, misunderstood by Mistress Quickly for the color, and confused with "carnation"; II. iii. 37.

INCONSTANT, fickle; Prol. III. 15.

INDIRECTLY, wrongfully; II. iv. 94.

INFINITE, boundless; V. ii. 167.

INGRATEFUL, ungrateful; II. ii. 95.

INLY, inwardly; Prol. IV. 24.

INSTANCE, cause, motive; II. ii. 119.

INTENDMENT, bent, aim; I. ii. 144.

INTERTISSUED, interwoven; IV. i. 290.

INTO, unto; I. ii. 102.

IS (so Ff.; Qq., *"are"*); = are, (by attraction); I. ii. 243.

ISSUE, pour forth tears; IV. vi. 34.

IT, its; V. ii. 40.

JACK-AN-APES, monkey; V. ii. 150.

JACK-SAUCE, Saucy Jack; IV. vii. 153.

JADES, a term of contempt or pity, for ill-conditioned horses; IV. ii. 46.

JEALOUSY, suspicion, apprehension; II. ii. 126.

JEWRY, Judea; III. iii. 40.

JUST, exact, precise; IV. vii. 126.

JUTTY, project beyond; III. i. 13.

KECKSIES, dry hemlock stems, (Ff. 1, 2, *"keksyes"*); V. ii. 52.

KERN; "k. of Ireland," a light-armed Irish soldier; III. vii. 60.

LARDING, enriching, fattening; (Collier MS., *"Loading"*); IV. vi. 8.

LATE, lately appointed; II. ii. 61.

LAVOLTA, a *waltz-like* kind of dance; III. v. 33.

LAY APART, put off, lay aside; II. iv. 78.

LAY DOWN, estimate; I. ii. 137.

LAZARS, beggars, especially lepers; I. i. 15.

LEAS, arable land; V. ii. 44.

LEGERITY, alacrity, lightness; (Ff. 3, 4, *"celerity"*); IV. i. 23.

LET, hindrance, impediment; V. ii. 65.

LIEF, gladly, willingly; (F. 1, *"liue,"* Ff. 3, 4, *"lieve"*); III. vii. 68.

LIEU, "in l. of this," *i. e.* in return for this; I. ii. 255.

LIG, lie; III. ii. 131.

LIKE, likely; I. i. 3.

LIKELIHOOD, probability; Prol. V. 29.

LIKES, pleases; Prol. III. 32.

LIKES ME, pleases me; IV. i. 16.

LINE, pedigree; (Qq., *"lines"*); II. iv. 88.
LINE, strengthen; II. iv. 7.
LINEAL, lineally descended; in the direct line of descent; I. ii. 82.
LINGARE, Charlemagne's fifth wife (according to Ritson); I. ii. 74.
LINGER ON, prolong, draw out; Prol. II. 31.
LINSTOCK, the stick which holds the gunner's match; Prol. III. 33.
LIST, boundary limit; V. ii. 305.
LIST, listen to; I. i. 43.
LOB DOWN, droop; IV. ii. 47.
LODGING, entering into the fold; III. vii. 35.
'LONG, belong; (Ff., *"longs"*); II. iv. 80.
LOOSED, loosened, shot off; I. ii. 207.
LUXURIOUS, lustful; IV. iv. 20.
LUXURY, lust; III. v. 6.

MAJESTICAL, majestic; Prol. III. 16.
MARCHES, borders, border-country; I. ii. 140.
MASTERS, possesses, is master of; (Qq., *"musters"*); II. iv. 137.
MAW, stomach; II. i. 56.
MAY, can; Prol. I. 12; II. ii. 100.
MEASURE, dancing (used equivocally); V. ii. 142.
MEET, seemly, proper; II. iv. 15.
MEETER, more fit; I. ii. 254.
MERCENARY BLOOD, blood of mercenaries, hired soldiers; IV. vii. 82.
MERVAILOUS, one of Pistol's words; (Ff. 3, 4, *"marvellous"*); II. i. 54.
MICKLE, much, great; II. i. 74.
MIGHT, could; IV. v. 21.
MIND, remind; IV. iii. 13.
MINDING, remembering, calling to mind; Prol. IV. 53.
MISCARRY, die, perish; IV. i. 160.
MISCREATE, falsely invented; I. ii. 16.
MISTFUL, blinded by tears; (Ff. *"mixtful"*); IV. vi. 34.
MISTOOK, mistaken; III. vi. 92.
MISTRESS-COURT, suggested by the game of tennis; II. iv. 133.
MODEL, image; Prol. II. 16.
MONMOUTH CAPS, "the best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the Cappers' Chapel doth still remain" (Fuller's *Worthies of Wales*); IV. vii. 110.
MORRIS-DANCE, an old dance on festive occasions, as at Whitsuntide; the reason for its connection with "Moorish" is not quite clear; perhaps from the use of the tabor as an accompaniment to it; II. iv. 25.
MORTIFIED, killed; I. i. 26.
MOULD; "men of m.," men of earth, poor mortals; III. ii. 22.
MOUNTED (technical term of falconry); IV. i. 112.
MOYS,=*"muys,* or *muids,"* (according to Cotgrave),= about five quarters English measure; 27 moys = two tons (Donce) (not *moi d'or* as Johnson suggested, a coin of Portuguese origin unknown in Shakespeare's time); IV. iv. 14.
MUCH AT ONE, much about the same; V. ii. 211.
NARROW, "n. ocean," *i. e.* the English Channel; Prol. I. 22.
NATIVE; "n. punishment," *i. e.* inflicted in their own country; IV. i. 183.
NATURAL, consonant to nature; II. ii. 107.

Net, specious sophistry; I. ii. 93.
New, anew; IV. i. 324.
Nice, trivial, prudish; V. ii. 303.
Nicely, sophistically; I. ii. 15; fastidiously; V. ii. 94.
Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eightpence; II. i. 120.
Nook-shotten; "n. isle," *i. e.* "isle spawned in a corner, or flung into a corner"; (Warburton and others, "an isle shooting out into capes, promontories, etc."); III. v. 14.
Note, notice, intelligence; II. ii. 6; sign; Prol. IV. 35.
Nothing, "offer n.," *i. e.* no violence; II. i. 42.

O, "wooden O.", *i. e.* the Globe Theater, which was of wood and circular in shape inside, though externally octagonal; the sign of the Globe was a figure of Hercules supporting the Globe, with the motto, "Totus mundus agit histrionem"; it is difficult to determine whether the name suggested the sign or *vice versa;* Prol. I. 13.
Odds, discord, contention; II. iv. 129.
O'erblows, blows away; III. iii. 31.
O'erwhelm, overhang, hang down upon; III. i. 11.
Of, against; (Qq., *"on"*); II. iii. 32, 34; with; III. vii. 9; for; IV. i. 115.
On, of; V. ii. 23.
Ooze, soft mud, (Qq., Ff., *"owse"*); I. ii. 164.
Order, arrange; Prol. V. 39.
Ordnance, cannon, (Ff., *"Ordinance"*; Qq., *"ordenance"*); trisyllabic; II. iv. 126.
Orisons, prayers; II. ii. 53.
Ostent, external show; Prol. V. 21.
Out, fully, completely; IV. i. 175.
Over-bears, subdues, bears down; Prol. IV. 39.
Overlook, rise above, overtop; (Qq., *"outgrow"*); III. v. 9.
Over-lusty, too lively; Prol. IV. 18.
Overshot, beaten in shooting, put to shame; III. vii. 140.

Paction, alliance; (Theobald's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, *"pation"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"passion"*); V. ii. 410.
Paly, pale; Prol. IV. 8.
Paper, "thy cheeks are p.", *i. e.* white as paper, pale; II. ii. 74.
Parca, one of the three Fates who spin the threads of life; V. i. 23.
Parle, parley; III. iii. 2.
Parley, conference; III. ii. 156.
Part, side; I. i. 73.
Parts, divisions in music; I. ii. 181., from Holinshed.
Pass, passage; Prol. II. 39.
Passes, *v.* "careers."
Pasterns, legs; (F. 1, *"postures"*); III. vii. 13.
Pauca, in few words; II. i. 87.
Pax, a mistake for "pix," the box containing the consecrated host; ("pax"=the small piece of wood or metal, impressed with the figure of Christ, which the laity kissed); Qq., *"packs"*; (Theobald, from Holinshed, *"pix"*); III. vi. 45.
Pay, repay, requite; IV. i. 218.
Peer, appear; IV. vii. 91.
Peevish, foolish; III. vii. 149.
Pepin, "King P.," the founder of

the Carlovingian dynasty; I. ii. 65.

PERDITION, loss; III. vi. 111.

PERDURABLE, lasting; IV. v. 7.

PERDY, par Dieu, by God; II. i. 56.

PEREMPTORY, decisive; V. ii. 82.

PERFORCE, of necessity; V. ii. 165.

PERSPECTIVELY, as in a perspective picture; V. ii. 362.

PHARAMOND, a King of the Franks; I. ii. 37.

PIBBLE PABBLE, idle prattle; IV. i. 72.

PIONERS, pioneers; III. ii. 98.

PITCH AND PAY, a proverbial saying,=“pay ready money”; II. iii. 58.

PITH, force, strength; Prol. III. 21.

PLAIN-SONG, simple air without variations; a musical term; III. ii. 6.

PLAY, play for; Prol. IV. 19.

PLEASANT, merry, facetious; I. ii. 281.

PLEASETH, may it please; V. ii. 78.

POISON'D, poisonous; IV. i. 279.

POLICY; “cause of p.,” political question; I. i. 45.

POPULAR, vulgar, plebeian; IV. i. 38.

POPULARITY, publicity; I. i. 59.

PORT, deportment, carriage; Prol. I. 6.

PORTAGE, porthole; “p. of the head,” *i. e.* eye; III. i. 10.

POSSESS, affect, fill; IV. i. 117.

PRACTIC, practical; I. i. 51.

PRACTICES, plots; II. ii. 90.

PRECEPTS, commands, summons; III. iii. 26.

PREPOSTEROUSLY, against the natural order of things; II. ii. 112.

PRESCRIPT, prescribed; III. vii. 52.

PRESENCE; “in p.,” present; II. iv. 111.

PRESENT, immediate; II. iv. 67.

PRESENTETH, shows; (Ff., *“Presented”*); Prol. IV. 27.

PRESENTLY, immediately, now at once; II. i. 97.

PREY; “in p.,” in search of prey; I. ii. 169.

PRIZE, estimate, rate; II. iv. 119.

PROCEEDING ON, caused by; II. ii. 54.

PROJECTION, plain calculation; II. iv. 46.

PROPORTION, be proportioned to; III. vi. 145.

PROPORTIONS, calculation, necessary numbers; I. ii. 137.

PUISSANCE, power, armed force; Prol. I. 25.

PUISSANT, powerful, valiant; I. ii. 116.

QUALTITIE CALMIE CUSTURE ME! IV. iv. 4 (*vide* Note).

QUESTION, discussion; I. i. 5.

QUICK, alive, living; II. ii. 79.

QUIT, acquit; II. ii. 166.

QUITTANCE, requital, recompense; II. ii. 34.

QUOTIDIAN TERTIAN, Mistress Quickly's confusion of *quotidian* fever (*i. e.* marked by *daily* paroxysms), and *tertian* fever (*i. e.* marked by paroxysms recurring *every three days*); II. i. 132.

RAUGHT, reached; (Ff. 3, 4, *“caught”*); IV. vi. 21.

RAWLY, without due provision; IV. i. 151.

REDUCE, reconduct, bring back; V. ii. 63.

RELAPSE OF MORTALITY, a rebound of death; IV. iii. 107.

Remembering, reminding; Prol. V. 43.

Rendezvous, one of Nym's blunders; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"rendeuous"*); II. i. 19.

Renowned, made renowned; I. ii. 118.

Repent, regret; II. ii. 152.

Requiring, asking; II. iv. 101.

Resolved, satisfied; I. ii. 4.

Respect, reason, consideration; V. i. 79.

Rest, resolve; (= stake, wager; technical term of the old game of primers); II. i. 18.

Retire, retreat; IV. iii. 86.

Returns, answers; III. iii. 46.

Rheumatic, Mistress Quickly's blunder for *lunatic;* II. iii. 43.

Rim, midriff; IV. iv. 15.

Rites, ceremonies, sacred observances; (Ff., *"Rights"*); IV. viii. 130.

Rivage, sea-shore; Prol. III. 14.

Road, inroad, incursions; I. ii. 138.

Robustious, sturdy; III. vii. 167.

Root upon, take root in; V. ii. 46.

Roping, hanging down; III. v. 23.

Round; "too r.," too plain-spoken; IV. i. 225.

Rub, hindrance, impediment; II. ii. 188.

Sad-eyed, grave-looking; I. ii. 202.

Safeguard, defend, keep safe; I. ii. 176.

Salique: "the law s.," the law appertaining to the Salic tribe of the Franks which excluded females from succeeding to the throne; I. ii. 11.

Sand, sand-bank; IV. i. 102.

Satisfaction, conviction; (Pope reads from Hall, *"possession"*); I. ii. 88.

Savagery, wild growth; V. ii. 7.

'Sblood, a corruption of *God's blood;* IV. viii. 10.

Scaffold, stage; Prol. I. 10.

Scambling, scrambling, turbulent, I. i. 4; struggling, V. ii. 225.

Scions, originally small twigs from one tree grafted upon another; (Ff., *"Syens"*); III. v. 7.

Sconce, earthwork; III. vi. 81.

Seat, throne; I. i. 88.

Security, over confidence; II. ii. 44.

Self, self-same; I. i. 1.

Set, set out; Prol. II. 34.

Severals, details; I. i. 86.

Shales, shells; IV. ii. 18.

She, woman; II. i. 87.

Shog off, jog off, move off; a cant term; II. i. 51.

Shows, appearance; I. ii. 72.

Shows, appears; IV. i. 108.

Shrewdly, viciously; III. vii. 56.

Signal, symbol of victory; Prol. V. 21.

Signs of war, standards, ensigns; II. ii. 192.

Silken, effeminate; Prol. II. 2.

Sinfully, in a state of sin; IV. i. 160.

Sinister, unfair; II. iv. 85.

Skirr, scurry, move rapidly; (Ff., *"sker"*); IV. vii. 67.

Slips, leash; III. i. 31.

Slobbery, wet and foul; (Qq., *"foggy"*); III. v. 13.

Slovenry, sloveliness, want of neatness; IV. iii. 114.

Snatchers, pilferers, free-booters; (Qq., *"sneakers"*); I. ii. 143.

Soft, gentle, tender-**hearted**; III. iii. 48.

Sonance, sound, (Ff., *"Sonuance"*); IV. ii. 35.

Sooth, truth; III. vi. 164.

Sort, rank, degree; IV. vii. 146; style, array, Prol. V. 25.

Sorts, various ranks; (Qq., Theobald, *"sort"*; Collier MS., *"state"*; Keightly, *"all sorts"*); I. ii. 190.

Sorts, agrees, fits; IV. i. 63.

Soul; "thy s. of adoration," the quintessence of the adoration you enjoy; (F. 1, *"What? is thy Soule of Odoration?"*); IV. i. 273.

Speculation, looking on; IV. ii. 31.

Spend; "s. their mouths"; waste, a term of the chase; II. iv. 70; III. iii. 24.

Spirituality, the spiritual peers, the clergy; (Ff. 3, 4, *"Spirituality"*); I. ii. 132.

Spital, hospital; II. i. 82.

Sprays, branches, shoots; III. v. 5.

Staines, first stage on the road from London to Southampton; II. iii. 2.

Stands off, stand out, be prominent; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"stand off"*); II. ii. 103.

Starts; "by s.," by fits, "by a fragmentary representation"; Epil. 4.

Stay, wait; IV. ii. 56.

Sternage; "to s. of," astern of, Prol. III. 18.

Still, continually, incessantly; I. ii. 145.

Stilly, softly; Prol. IV. 5.

Stood on, insisted upon; V. ii. 94.

Stoop, a term of falconry; a hawk is said "to stoop," when, "aloft upon her wing, she descends to strike her prey"; IV. i. 113.

Straight, straightway, at once; II. ii. 191.

Strain, stock, race; II. iv. 51.

Stretch, open wide; II. ii. 55.

Strossers, "strait str.," tight breeches; (Theobald, *"trossers"*; Hanmer, *"troussers"*); III. vii. 61.

Struck, fought; II. iv. 54.

Subscribed, signed; V. ii. 378.

Succors; "of s.," for succor; (Rowe, *"of whom succours"*); III. iii. 45.

Suddenly, soon, quickly; V. ii. 81.

Sufferance; "by his s.," by his being suffered to go unpunished; II. ii. 46.

Sufferance, suffering the penalty; II. ii. 159.

Suggest, tempt, seduce; II. ii. 114.

Sumless, inestimable; I. ii. 165.

Supply; ["for the which s.," for the supply of which;] Prol. I. 31.

Sur-rein'd, over-riden, knocked up; III. v. 19.

Sutler, a seller of provisions and liquors to a camp; II. i. 124.

Swashers, bullies; III. ii. 30.

Swelling, growing in interest; Prol. I. 4.

Swill'd with, greedily gulped down by; III. i. 14.

Sworn brothers, bosom friends, pledged comrades; II. i. 13.

Sympathize with, agree with, resemble; III. vii. 166.

Take, take fire; (Qq., Capell, *"talk"*), II. i. 59; catch, meet; IV. i. 246.

Tall, valiant, brave; II. i. 76.
Tartar, Tartarus, hell; II. ii. 123.
Taste, experience; II. ii. 51.
Taste, feel, experience; IV. vii. 71.
Teems, brings forth; V. ii. 51.
Tell; "I cannot tell," I do not know what to say; II. i. 23.
Temper, disposition; V. ii. 156.
Temper'd, moulded, wrought upon, influenced; II. ii. 118.
Tender, have a care for; II. ii. 175.
Tenors, purport; (Ff., *"Tenures"*); V. ii. 72.
That, so that; I. i. 47.
Theoric, theory; I. i. 52.
Threaden, made of thread; Prol. III. 10.
Tiddle taddle, tittle-tattle; IV. i. 72.
Tike, cur; II. i. 33.
To, against; II. i. 14; as, Prol. III. 30; for; III. vii. 67.
To-morrow; "on t.," *i. e.* on the morrow, in the morning; III. vi. 194.
Treasuries, treasures; I. ii. 165.
Troth-plight, troth-plighted, betrothed; II. i. 22.
Trumpet, trumpeter; IV. ii. 61; IV. vii. 62.
Tucket, a set of notes on the cornet; IV. ii. 35.
Tway, twain, two; III. ii. 135.

Umber'd, darkened as by brown ochre, (here probably the effect of the fire-light on the faces of the soldiers); Prol. IV. 9.
Uncoined; "u. constancy," *i. e.* which like an unimpressed plain piece of metal, has not yet become current coin; V. ii. 164.
Undid, would undo; V. ii. 140.
Unfurnish'd, left undefended; I. i. 148.
Unprovided, unprepared; IV. i. 191.
Unraised, wanting in aspiration; Prol. I. 9.
Untempering, unsoftening; V. ii. 249.
Upon, at; I. i. 91; by; IV. i. 19.
Urn, grave; I. ii. 228.

Vainness, vanity; Prol. V. 20.
Vasty, vast, Prol. I. 12; II. ii. 123.
Vaultages, vaulted rooms, caverns; II. iv. 124.
Vaward, vanguard; IV. iii. 130.
Venge me, avenge myself; I. ii. 292.
Venture, run the hazard of; (F. 1, *"venter"*); I. ii. 192.
Vigil, the eve of a festival; IV. iii. 45.
Voice, vote; II. ii. 113.
Void, quit; IV. vii. 65.
Vulgar, common soldiers; IV. vii. 83.

Wafer-cakes; "men's faiths are w."; *i. e.* "Promises are like pie crust"; II. iii. 57.
War-proof, valor tried in war; III. i. 18.
Watchful fires, watch-fires; Prol. IV. 23.
Waxen, easily effaced, perishable; (Qq., *"paper"*); I. ii. 233.
What though, what does that matter; II. i. 9.
Wherefore, for which; V. ii. 1.
Wheresome'er, wheresoever; II. iii. 7.
Whiffler, an officer who went in

front of a procession; (originally, a *fifer* who preceded an army or a procession); Prol. V. 12.

WHITE-LIVERED, cowardly; III. ii. 34.

WIGHT, man, person (one of Pistol's words); II. i. 68.

WILLING, desiring; II. iv. 90.

WILLS, wishes, desires; II. iv. 77.

WINK, shut my eyes; II. i. 8.

WINK'D AT, connived at; II. ii. 55.

WINKING, with their eyes shut; III. vii. 161.

WITHAL, with; III. v. 2.

WOE THE WHILE! alas for the time!; IV. vii. 81.

WOMBY, hollow, capacious; II. iv. 124.

WOODEN DAGGER, a dagger of lath was usually carried by the Vice in the old morality plays; IV. iv. 78.

WORD, motto (Rowe from Qq. 1, 3; Ff., Q. 2, *"world"*); II. iii. 55.

WOTS, knows; IV. i. 310.

WOULD, would have, Prol. II. 18; desire; V. ii. 68.

WRINGING, suffering, pain; IV. i. 264.

WRIT, written; I. ii. 98.

YEARN, grieve; (Ff. 1, 2, *"erne"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"yern"*); II. iii. 3; yearns, grieves; IV. iii. 26.

YERK, jerk; IV. vii. 86.

YOKE-FELLOWS, companions; II. iii. 60.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What was the main authority for the history of Henry V, as followed by the Poet? Give a general outline of the historical matter. To what old play was he also indebted for some minor points?

2. What is the duration of the action?

3. What is the nature of the theme and its treatment?

4. What in the nature of the material may have led the Poet to fill the play with so much of the lyrical element? What does this striking infusion of the lyrical element indicate concerning Shakespeare's possibilities in other forms of writing?

5. In what does the play have its unity?

6. Sketch Henry's character as displayed throughout the play?

7. What are possible reasons for Falstaff's non-appearance in the play?

8. How has Shakespeare given us a means of anticipating the outcome of the war in this drama?

9. Why did Shakespeare employ the prologues at the beginning of each act? What is the necessity of a chorus apt to imply of the structure of a play?

10. What are hinted at as the secret causes for the undertaking of the French wars? Why were they to the interest of the clergy?

11. What reason is there for the concluding of the play in the manner of comedy?

12. How are we historically informed as to the character of Henry?

13. What is the principal historical feature of the play? How is it brought out?

14. Enlarge upon the political conditions existent in England during this period, and compare them with those of France.

ACT I

15. What does the Prologue set forth?

16. What is Henry's resolve with regard to the French throne?

17. Upon what does he base his authority?

18. Compare the comments of Ely and Canterbury upon the King.

19. What is Holinshed's paraphrase of the Archbishop of Canterbury's speech to the King with regard to his assertion of his claim upon France? Why were the clergy willing to contribute so heavily to the king's revenues in this connection?

20. From what is it likely the Poet derived the idea expressed by Exeter concerning the harmonic organization of government? Quote the original passages that probably suggested it.

21. What insulting message does the Dauphin send Henry?

22. What is Henry's reply? Give Holinshed's narrative of this passage of diplomacy.

ACT II

23. What is the substance of the second Prologue?

24. Describe the first scene and tell its purpose with regard to circumstances affecting the portrayal of Henry's character.

25. In scene ii what conspiracy does the king discover? What lords were involved? What makes their treachery particularly despicable? What is their fate?

26. Describe the dramatic method of the king's disclosure of his knowledge of the plot, and his method of

turning the conspirators' judgment of others upon themselves.

27. What does Holinshed say of Scroope and the king's goodness to him?

28. What are we told of the end of Falstaff?

29. How does the French Court receive Henry's message? What has the Dauphin to say of the demands the English projects are likely to make upon French resources? and what of Henry personally?

30. What is the Constable's reply to the Dauphin with regard to the impression Henry has made upon the ambassadors?

31. How does Charles voice his respect for the English arms?

32. What message is conveyed to the Dauphin from Henry in contempt of his insult?

ACT III

33. Outline the matter of the Prologue.

34. What town is taken in the first scene? What are the circumstances, as presented?

35. What is the dramatic use of the contrast of Nym and his group of companions, and Fluellen and his comrades?

36. In what way does it help the effect of Henry's popularity to have the group of countrymen from various parts of the British Islands introduced as his constituents?

37. What could have been a dramatic object in introducing scene iv? Quote Dr. Johnson on the subject.

38. How do the French express their view of English valor, in scene v? What message does France send to Henry by her herald?

39. What is Henry's charge to his army concerning their treatment of the French population along the march? Of what is this charge significant with regard to certain incidents of the Poet's own time?

40. What does Henry say to the Herald Montjoy of the

condition of his own forces? Quote Holinshed in this matter.

41. What is the trend of the French officers' talk and banter at their camp before Agincourt? During it what opinion does the Constable express of the Dauphin?

ACT IV

42. Outline the Prologue.

43. How is King Henry's spirit towards his army, and towards the situation, shown in scene i? How the sentiment of his men towards him, the war, and his responsibility as a sovereign?

44. What is the spirit and the gist of Henry's soliloquy?

45. Compare the spirit of the English army with what has been shown of the French army?

46. Describe the incident of the King's going incognito among his men. What is its dramatic significance?

47. What is Henry's prayer before the battle?

48. What is the French attitude in their camp as they prepare finally for the fight? and how does Grandpré sum up the condition of the English? What is Holinshed's description of their condition and the reason of it?

49. What does Holinshed say of the overweening confidence of the French?

50. What were the odds in the battle?

51. What wish does Westmoreland express? What is Henry's reply to it? What is the final expression of Westmoreland? Is it typical of the general English spirit evidenced on the occasion?

52. What is the final reply of Henry to France through her herald?

53. How does the encounter of the French soldier and Pistol suggest the mettle of the French common soldiery and its likely effect upon the outcome of the battle? Why does the choice of Pistol as the antagonist for the French soldier put the latter's discomfiture in a particularly con-

temptible light, and enhance the dramatic significance of the incident?

54. Describe the following incidents of the battle and the closing scenes of the act: The death of Suffolk and York; the dialogue between Gower and Fluellen with its import concerning the killing of the prisoners, and its commentary on the character of Henry; the last request of France through her herald; the incident of Williams and Gower and the glove.

55. What spirit does Henry show over the victory?

ACT V

56. What incidents does the Prologue bridge? Where does it lead the English for the beginning of the Act?

57. With the exit of Pistol in scene i what is ended in the historical series?

58. Describe the betrothal of Henry and Katharine. What constitutes its charm? In what pleasant light is Henry shown through it?

59. What conveys the reasons for the French King's acquiescence to Henry's terms of peace?

60. What does the Epilogue forecast?

AS YOU LIKE IT

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

As You Like It was published for the first time in the First Folio; a Quarto edition was contemplated many years previously, but for some cause or other was "staied," and the play is mentioned among others in 1623, when Jaggard and Blount obtained permission to print the First Folio, as "not formerly entered to other men." The text of the play in the four Folios is substantially the same, though the Second Folio corrects a few typographical and other errors in the first edition.

As You Like It was in all probability produced under circumstances necessitating great haste on the part of the author, and many evidences of this rapidity of composition exist in the text of the play, *e. g.* (i) in Act I, sc. ii, line 284, Le Beau makes Celia "*the taller,*" which statement seems to contradict Rosalind's description of herself in the next scene (I, iii, 117), "*because that I am more than common tall*": (ii) again, in the first Act the second son of Sir Rowland de Boys is referred to as "Jaques," a name subsequently transferred to another and more important character; wherefore when he appears in the last Act he is styled in the Folio merely "*second brother*": (iii) "*old* Frederick, your father" (I, ii, 87) seems to refer to the banished duke ("Duke *senior*"), for to Rosalind, and not to Celia, the words "*thy father's love,*" etc., are assigned in the Folio; either the ascription is incorrect, or "Frederick" is an error for some other name, perhaps for "Ferdinand," as has been suggested; attention should also be called to certain slight inaccuracies, *e. g.* "*Juno's* swans" (*vide* Glos-

sary); finally, the part of Hymen in the last scene of the play is on the whole unsatisfactory, and is possibly by another hand.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

(i) *As You Like It* may safely be assigned to the year 1599, for while the play is not mentioned in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, it quotes a line from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which was printed for the first time in that year —five years after the poet's death—and at once became popular.[1] The quotation is introduced by a touching tribute on Shakespeare's part to the most distinguished of his predecessors:—

> "Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
> *Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight.*"—(III. v. 82, 83.)

[1] Two editions of *Hero and Leander* appeared in 1598. The first edition contained only Marlowe's portion of the poem; the second gave the whole poem, "*Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium.*" The line quoted by Shakespeare occurs in the first sestiad:—

> "*Where both deliberate, the love is slight:*
> *Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*"

There are many quotations from the poem in contemporary literature after 1598; they often help us to fix the date of the composition in which they appear; *e. g.* the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus* must have been acted at Cambridge not earlier than Christmas, 1598, for it contains the line "*Learning and Poverty must always kiss,*" also taken from the first sestiad of the poem. No evidence has as yet been discovered tending to show that *Hero and Leander* circulated while still in MS.

It is at times difficult to resist the temptation of comparing the meeting of Marlowe's lovers and Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. The passage in Marlowe immediately follows the line quoted in *As You Like It; cp.:*—

> "*He kneel'd: but unto her devoutly prayed:*
> *Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,*
> *'Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him.' . . .*
> *These lovers parled by the touch of hands.*"

Cp. Romeo and Juliet's first meeting, where Romeo ("the pilgrim") comes to "the holy shrine" of Juliet: "palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss," etc. If in this case there is any debt at all, it must be Marlowe's.

(ii) In the Stationers' Registers there is a rough memorandum dated August 4, without any year, seemingly under the head of "my lord chamberlens menns plaies," to the effect that *As You Like It*, together with *Henry the Fifth*, *Every man In His Humour*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, are "to be staied." This entry may be assigned to the year 1600, for later on in the same month of that year the three latter plays were entered again; moreover the previous entry bears the date May 27, 1600.

THE SOURCES

The plot of *As You Like It* was in all probability [1] directly derived from a famous novel by Shakespeare's contemporary Thomas Lodge, entitled "*Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie; found after his death in his cell at Silexedra; bequeathed to Philautus' sons nursed up with their father in England: fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.*" The first edition of the book appeared in 1590, and many editions were published before the end of the century (*cp. Shakespeare's Library*, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, Vol. II, where the 1592 edition of the novel is reprinted).

Lodge's *Rosalynde* is in great part founded upon the old *Tale of Gamelyn*, formerly erroneously attributed to Chaucer as the *Cook's Tale*, but evidently it was the poet's intention to work up the old ballad into the *Yeoman's Tale;* none of the black-letter editions of Chaucer contains the Tale, which was not printed till 1721; Lodge must therefore have read it in manuscript; [2] (*cp. The Tale of Gamelyn*, ed. by Prof. Skeat, Oxford, 1884). The story of Gamelyn the Outlaw, the prototype of Orlando, belongs to the Robin Hood cycle of ballads, and the hero often ap-

[1] Some have supposed that there was an older drama intermediate between *As You Like It* and Lodge's *Rosalynde;* there is absolutely no evidence to support such a supposition.

[2] Harleian MS. 7,334 is possibly the first MS. that includes Gamelyn; it is quite clear in the MS. that the scribe did not intend it to be taken for the *Cook's Tale* (*cp.* Ward's *Catalogue of British Museum Romances,* Vol. I. p. 508).

pears in these under the form of "*Gandeleyn*," "*Gamwell*"; Shakespeare himself gives us a hint of this ultimate origin of his story:—"*They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England*" (I, i, 120–2).[1]

The *Tale of Gamelyn* tells how "Sire Johan of Boundys" leaves his possessions to three sons Johan, Ote, and Gamelyn; the eldest neglects the youngest, who endures his ill-treatment for sixteen years. One day he shows his prowess and wins prizes at a wrestling match: he invites all the spectators home. The brothers quarrel after the guests have gone, and Johan has Gamelyn chained as a madman. Adam the Spencer, his father's old retainer, releases him, and they escape together to the woods; Gamelyn becomes a king of the outlaws. Johan, as sheriff of the county, gets possession of Gamelyn again; Ote the second brother bails him out; he returns in time to save his bail; finally he condemns Johan to the gallows.

There is no element of love in the ballad; at the end it is merely stated that Gamelyn wedded "a wyf bothe good and feyr." This perhaps suggested to Lodge a second plot—viz., the story of the exiled King of France, Gerismond; of his daughter Rosalynd's love for the young wrestler; of her departure (disguised as a page called "Ganimede") with Alinda (who changes her name to Aliena) from the Court of the usurper King Torismond; and of the story of Montanus, the lover of Phœbe. The old knight is named by Lodge "Sir John of Bordeaux," and the sons are Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader. Adam Spencer is retained from the old Tale.[2] The scene is Bor-

[1] "Arden" has taken the place of "Sherwood"; but this is due to Lodge, who localizes the story; the *Tale of Gamelyn*, however, gives no place at all. The mere phrase "a many merry men" suggests a reminiscence of Robin Hood ballads on Shakespeare's part. "Robin Hood plays" were not uncommon at the end of the sixteenth century, *e. g. George-A-Green, Downfall and Death of Robert, Earl of Hungtington*, &c. To the abiding charm of Robin Hood and Maid Marian we owe the latest of pastoral plays, Tennyson's *Foresters*.

[2] This is an old tradition preserved by Oldys and Capell that

deaux and the Forest of Ardennes. A noteworthy point is the attempt made by a band of robbers to seize Aliena; she is rescued by Rosader and Saladyne; this gives some motive for her ready acceptance of the elder brother's suit; the omission of this saving incident by Shakespeare produces the only unsatisfactory element in the whole play. "Nor can it well be worth any man's while," writes Mr. Swinburne,[1] "to say or to hear for the thousandth time that *As You Like It* would be one of those works which prove, as Landor said long since, the falsehood of the stale axiom that no work of man can be perfect, were it not for that one unlucky slip of the brush which has left so ugly a little smear on one corner of the canvas as the betrothal of Oliver to Celia; though with all reverence for a great name and a noble memory, I can hardly think that matters were much mended in George Sand's adaptation of the play [2] by the transference of her hand to Jaques."

Shakespeare has varied the names of the three sons; of the rightful and usurping kings (*Duke Senior* and *Frederick*); *Alinda* becomes *Celia*, *Montanus* is changed to *Sylvius*. In the novel Alinda and Rosalind go on their travels as lady and page; in the play as sister and brother. The character of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, have no prototypes in the original story. Various estimates have been formed of Lodge's *Rosalynde;* some critics speak of it as "one of the dullest and dreariest of all the ob-

Shakespeare himself took the part of Old Adam. The former narrates that a younger brother of the poet recalled in his old age that he had once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, *"Wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song."* [*N. B.*—Shakespeare's brothers predeceased him.]

[1] *A Study of Shakespeare.*

[2] Mr. Swinburne alludes to George Sand's *Comme Il Vous Plaira;* an analysis of which is to be found in the Variorum *As You Like It,* edited by H. H. Furness.

scure literary performances that have come down to us from past ages," others regard it with enthusiasm as "informed with a bright poetical spirit, and possessing a pastoral charm which may occasionally be compared with the best parts of Sidney's *Arcadia*." Certainly in many places the elaborate euphuistic prose serves as a quaint framework for some dainty "*Sonetto*," "*Eglog*," or "*Song*"; the xvith lyric in the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* may at least vindicate the novel from the attacks of its too harsh critics.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

(i) It is an interesting point that the original of these words, "*Totus mundus agit histrionem*," was inscribed over the entrance to the Globe Theater; as the theater was probably opened at the end of 1599, the play containing the elaboration of the idea may have been among the first plays produced there. According to a doubtful tradition the motto called forth epigrams from Jonson and Shakespeare. Oldys has preserved for us the following lines:—

JONSON.— *"If, but stage actors, all the world displays,*
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?"

SHAKESPEARE.—*"Little, or much, of what we see, we do;*
We're all both actors and spectators too."

The motto is said to be derived from one of the fragments of Petronius, where the words are "quod fere *totus mundus exerceat histrioniam*." [1] The idea, however, was common in Elizabethan literature, *e. g.* "*Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage, whereon many play their parts*" (from the old play of *Damon and Pythias*); Shakespeare had himself already used the idea in *The Merchant of Venice* (I, i):—"*I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; A stage where every man must play a part.*"

(ii) It should be noted that Jaques' moralizing is but an enlargement of the text given out to him by the Duke:—

[1] The reading is variously given as *histrionem* and *histrioniam*.

"Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in."

Now "this wide and universal theater" reminds one strongly of a famous book which Shakespeare may very well have known, viz., Boissard's *Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ* (published at Metz, 1596), the opening chapter of which is embellished with a remarkable emblem representing a huge pageant of universal misery, headed with the lines:—

"Vitæ Humanæ est tanquam
Theatrum omnium miseriarum";

beneath the picture are words to the same effect:—

"Vita hominis tanquam circus vel grande theatrum."

(iii) The division of the life of man into fourteen, ten, or seven periods is found in Hebrew, Greek, and Roman literature (*cp. Archæologia*, Vol. XXXV, 167–189; Löw's *Die Lebensalter in der Jüdischen Literatur; cp.* also Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, iv, 12). In the fifteenth century the representation of the "seven ages" was a common theme in literature and art; *e. g.* (i) in *Arnold's Chronicle*, a famous book of the period, there is a chapter entitled "the vij ages of man living in the world"; (ii) a block-print in the British Museum gives seven figures "*Infans*," "*Pueritia*," "*Adolescentia*," "*Juventus*," "*Virilitas*," "*Senectus*," "*Decrepitas*," which practically, in several cases, illustrate the words of Jaques; (iii) the allegorical mosaics on the pavement of the Cathedral at Siena picture forth the same seven acts of life's drama.

There should be somewhere a Moral Play based on Jaques' theme of life's progress: it might perhaps be said that the spirit of the dying Drama of Allegory lived on in the person of "Monsieur Melancholy"; he may well be likened to the Presenter of some old "Enterlude of Youth, Manhood, and Age"; Romantic Comedy was not for him;

[1] *Cp. Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, by H. Green, 1870.

Everyman, *Lusty Juventus*, *Mundus et Infans*, and such like endless moralizings on the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, were more to his taste.

THE SCENE OF ACTION

The locality of the play is "the Forest of Arden," *i. e.* "Ardennes," in the north-east of France, "between the Meuse et Moselle," but Shakespeare could hardly help thinking of his own Warwickshire Arden, and there can be little doubt that his contemporaries took it in the same way. There is a beautiful description of this English Forest in Drayton's *Polyolbion* (Song xiii), where the poet apostrophizes Warwickshire as his own "*native country which so brave spirits hast bred.*" The whole passage, as Mr. Furness admirably points out, probably serves to show "the deep impression on him which his friend Shakespeare's *As You Like It* had made." Elsewhere Drayton refers to "*Sweet Arden's Nightingales*," *e. g.* in his *Matilda* and in the *Idea*:—

> *"Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing*
> *Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers."*

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY

The title *As You Like It*, was evidently suggested by a passage in Lodge's *Address to the Gentlemen Readers*:— "To be brief, gentlemen, room for a soldier and a sailor, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, where every line was wet with the surge, and every humorous passion counterchecked with a storm. *If you like it* so; and yet I will be yours in duty, if you be mine in favor." It was formerly believed (by Tieck and others) that the title alluded to the concluding lines of Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*:—

> *"I'll only speak what I have heard him say,*
> *'By—'tis good, and if you like 't you may.'"*

But Shakespeare's play must have preceded Jonson's dramatic satire, which was first acted in 1600.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play, according to Mr. Daniel's *Analysis* (*Trans. of New Shakespere Soc.*, 1877–79), may be taken as ten days represented on the stage, with necessary intervals:—

Day 1. Act I, i.
Day 2. Act I, ii and iii, and Act II, i. [Act II, iii.]
Day 3. Act II, ii [Act III, i]. An interval of a few days. The journey to Arden.
Day 4. Act II, iv.
Day 5. Act II, v, vi, and vii. An interval of a few days.
Day 6. Act III, ii. An interval.
Day 7. Act III, iii.
Day 8. Act III, iv and v; Act IV, i, ii, and iii; and Act V, i.
Day 9. Act V, ii and iii.
Day 10. Act V, iv.

The scenes in brackets are out of their actual order. "The author seems to have gone back to resume these threads of the story which were dropped while other parts of the plot were in hand."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

As You Like It, along with two other of Shakespeare's plays and one of Ben Jonson's, was entered in the Stationers' Register August 4, 1600, and that opposite the entry was an order "to be stayed." In regard to the other two the stay appears to have been soon removed, as both were entered again, one on the fourteenth, the other on the twenty-third, of the same month, and were published in the course of that year. Touching *As You Like It*, the stay seems to have been kept up, perhaps because its continued success on the stage made the company unwilling to part with their interest in it. The play was never printed, so far as we know, till in the folio of 1623, where it stands the tenth in the division of Comedies, with the acts and scenes regularly marked.

This is the only contemporary notice of *As You Like It* that has been discovered. The play is not mentioned by Meres, which perhaps warrants the inference that it had not been heard of at the date of his list. And in Act V, sc. iii, is a line quoted from Marlowe's version of *Hero and Leander*, which was first printed in 1598. So that we may perhaps safely conclude that the play was written in the latter part of 1598, or in the course of the next year.

One thing more there is, that ought not to be passed by in this connection. Gilbert Shakespeare, a brother of the Poet, lived till after the Restoration; and Oldys tells of "the faint, general, and almost lost ideas" the old man had of having once seen the Poet act a part in one of his own comedies, "wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping,

and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This, of course, could have been none other than the "good old man" Adam, in and about whom we have so much of noble thought; and we thus learn that his character, beautiful enough in itself, yet more beautiful for this circumstance, was sustained by the Poet himself.

In regard to the originals of this play, two sources have been pointed out, namely, *The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*, sometime attributed to Chaucer, but upon better advice excluded from his works, and a novel by Thomas Lodge entitled *Rosalynd: Euphues' Golden Legacie.* As the *Tale of Gamelyn* was not printed till more than a century later, it has been questioned whether Shakespeare ever saw it. Nor, indeed, can much be alleged as indicating that he did: one point there is, however, that may have some weight that way. An old knight, Sir Johan of Boundis, being about to die, calls in his wise friends to arrange the distribution of his property among his three sons. Their plan is, to settle all his lands on the eldest, and leave the youngest without any thing. Gamelyn being his favorite son, he rejects their advice, and bestows the largest portion upon him. Shakespeare goes much more according to their plan, Orlando, who answers to Gamelyn, having no share in the bulk of his father's estate. But this suits so well with the Poet's general purpose, and especially with the unfolding of Orlando's character, that we need not suppose him to have had any hint for it but the fitness of the thing itself. A few other resemblances may be traced, wherein the play differs from Lodge's novel, but none so strong but that they may well enough have been incidental. Nor, in truth, is the matter of much consequence, save as bearing upon the question whether Shakespeare was of a mind to be unsatisfied with such printed books as lay in his way. We would not exactly affirm him to have been "a hunter of manuscripts"; but we have already seen indi-

cations that he sometimes had access to them: nor is it at all unlikely that one so greedy of intellectual food, so eager and apt to make the most of all the means within his reach, should have gone beyond the printed resources of his time. Besides, there can be no question that Lodge was very familiar with the *Tale of Gamelyn:* he follows it so closely in a large part of his novel, as to leave scarce any doubt that he wrote with the manuscript by him; and if he, who was also sometime a player, availed himself of such sources, why may not Shakespeare have done the same?

Lodge's *Rosalynd* was first printed in 1590, and its popularity appears in that it was republished in 1592, and again in 1598. Steevens pronounces it a "worthless original"; but this sweeping sentence is so very unjust as to breed a doubt whether he had read it. A graduate of Oxford, Lodge was evidently something of a scholar, as well as a man of wit, fancy, and invention. Compared with the general run of popular literature then in vogue, his novel has much merit, and is very well entitled to the honor of contributing to one of the most delightful poems ever written. A rather ambitious attempt, indeed, at fine writing, pedantic in style, not a little overloaded with the euphuism of the time, and occasionally running into absurdity and indecorum, nevertheless, upon the whole, it is a varied and pleasing narrative, with passages of great force and beauty, and many touches of noble sentiment, and sometimes informed with a pastoral sweetness and simplicity quite charming. The work is inscribed to Lord Hunsdon, and in his Dedication the author says,—"Having with Captain Clarke made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labor I writ this book; rough, as hatch'd in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas." It has been lately republished in Mr. Collier's *Shakespeare Library.* We will endeavor such an abstract from which the nature and extent of the Poet's obligations in this quarter may be pretty fairly gathered.

Sir John of Bordeaux, being at the point of death, called

in his three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, and divided his wealth among them, giving to the eldest fourteen ploughlands, with all his manor houses, and richest plate; to the next, twelve ploughlands; to the youngest, his horse, armor, and lance, with sixteen ploughlands; accompanying the testament with divers precepts and motives to a well-ordered life. The father being dead, Saladyne, after a short season of hypocritical mourning, went to studying how he might defraud his brothers and ravish their legacies. Acting as their guardian, he put Fernandine to school at Paris, and kept Rosader as his foot-boy. Having borne this patiently for three years, Rosader's spirit at length began to rise against it: he said to himself,—"Nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied me art to contemplate: I have strength to perform any honorable exploit, but no liberty to accomplish my virtuous endeavors: those good parts that God hath bestowed upon me, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscurity." With that, casting up his hand, he felt hair on his face, and, perceiving his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, and swore to himself he would be no more subject to such slavery. While he was thus ruminating Saladyne came along, and began to jerk him with rough speeches, asking him,—"What, sirrah! is my dinner ready?" He answered,—"Dost thou ask me for thy cates? ask some of thy churls who are fit for such an office. Let me question thee, why thou hast felled my woods, spoiled my manor houses, and made havoc of what my father bequeathed me? Answer me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemy." Saladyne meeting this question with insulting threats, Rosader at last seized a great rake, and let drive at him, and soon brought him to terms. Feigning sorrow for what he had done, he drew the youth, who was of a free and generous nature, into a reconciliation, till he might gain time to finish him out of the way; and in this state they continued for a season.

Meanwhile, Torismond, who had driven his brother Gerismond, the rightful king of France, into exile, and usurped

his crown, appointed a day of wrestling and tournament, to busy the people's thoughts, and keep them from running upon the banished king. At that time, a Norman of tall stature and great strength, who had wrestled down as many as undertook with him, and often killed them outright, was to stand against all comers. Saladyne, thinking this an apt occasion to put his treachery in play, went to the Norman secretly, and engaged him with rich rewards to despatch Rosader, in case he came within his grasp. He then went to Rosader, to prick him on to the wrestling, telling him how much honor it would bring him, and how he was the only one to keep up the renown of the family. The youth, full of heroic thoughts, was glad enough of such an opportunity, and forthwith set out for the place. At the time appointed, Torismond went forth to preside over the exercises, attended by the twelve peers of France, his daughter Alinda, Rosalynd, the daughter of the banished king, and all the most famous beauties of the kingdom. Rosalynd, "upon whose cheeks there seemed a battle between the graces," was the center of attraction, the banquet of all eyes, "and made the cavaliers crack their lances with more courage." The tournament over, the Norman presented himself as a general challenger at wrestling. For some time none durst adventure with him, till at last there came in a lusty franklin of the country, with two tall young men, his sons. The champion soon smashed up these antagonists, killing them both; at which all were in a deep passion of pity but the father himself, who was more pleased at their bravery than grieved at their death. This done, Rosader alights from his horse, and presents himself, cheering the stout-hearted yeoman with the promise that he will "either made a third in their tragedy, or else revenge their fall with an honorable triumph." He quickly puts an end to the Norman, though not till his eyes and thoughts have got thoroughly entangled with the beauty of Rosalynd. On the other side she is equally touched by his handsome person and heroic bearing. After the king and lords had learned who he was, and graced him

with their embracings, she "took from her neck a jewel and sent it to him by a page, as an assurance of her favor."

Upon his brother's return, Saladyne, greatly chagrined at the unlooked-for issue, began forthwith to persecute him worse than ever, and the war was waged in any thing but a becoming manner on both sides. Of their long strife suffice it to say, that the Poet has shown good judgment in omitting it altogether. By this time Torismond grew jealous of his niece, and thought to banish her, saying to himself,—"Her face is so full of favor, that it pleads pity in the eye of every man"; for he feared lest some one of the peers should aim at her love, and then in his wife's right attempt the kingdom. Coming upon her in this mood, he charged her with treason, and ordered her into immediate exile; whereupon Alinda fell to entreating for her, telling him how "custom had wrought such an union of their nature, that they had two bodies and one soul"; and that if he banished her she would herself share the same sentence. He then turned his wrath upon her, telling her she did but "hatch up a bird to peck out her own eyes": but she, nothing amazed, stood firm in defense of her cousin, assuring him that if he refused her prayer " she would either steal out and follow her, or end her days with some desperate kind of death." Seeing her so resolute, he then decreed the banishment of them both. After comforting each other as well as they could, they went to arranging for their flight. Alinda grieving that they were to have no male attendant, Rosalynd says to her,—"Thou seest I am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page: I will buy me a suit, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side; and if any knave offer wrong, your page will show him the point of his weapon." Thus they set forth, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, and at last came to the forest of Arden, where, after wandering about some time, and suffering many perils and privations, they found some verses pinned upon a tree, and soon came where they might

overhear a conversation between two shepherds, Coridon and Montanus, the latter of whom had got so smitten with a shepherdess named Phœbe, that he could talk of nothing else. Coridon having grown somewhat old and wise in pastoral science, his rhetoric soon put Alinda in love with a shepherd's life; and when he told her his landlord was going to sell both the farm he tilled and the flock he kept, she resolved to buy them, and have him for overseer. This done, they lived in quiet, heeding their flock, and hearing Montanus warble the praises of his cruel mistress: "though they had but country fare and coarse lodging, yet their welcome was so great and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had been in the court of Torismond."

At length Rosader, driven off by his brother's cruelty, betook himself to the same forest, accompanied by Adam Spencer, an Englishman, who had been an old and trusty servant to Sir John of Bordeaux. Arriving there, Adam was so forespent with hunger and travel, that he sunk down in despair, and begged Rosader to look out for himself, and leave him alone to die. After bidding him be of good cheer, Rosader started off in quest of food. Now "it chanced that Gerismond, who with a lusty crew of outlaws lived in the forest, that day in honor of his birth made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolicked it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lemon-trees." To this place fortune brought Rosader, who, seeing the band of brave men so well provided, stepped boldly up to the table, and begged a supply for himself and his old friend who were perishing with hunger, at the same time saying,—"If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword." Gerismond, moved with pity, and rising from the table, took him by the hand, bade him welcome, and willed him to sit down in his place, and eat as much as he would. But he answered, he would not taste one crumb till his suffering friend were first relieved. So away he runs to Adam, and, finding him too feeble to walk, takes him upon

his back and brings him to the place. Gerismond and his men greatly applauded this league of friendship; and the king's place being assigned to Rosader, he would not sit there himself, but gave it to Adam. The repast being over, Rosader at the king's request gave an account of himself, how he was the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, how he had been wronged by his elder brother, and closed by saying,—"And this old man, whom I so much love and honor, is Adam Spencer, an old servant of my father's, and one that never failed me in all my misfortunes." Hearing this the king fell on the neck of Rosader, and told him he was Gerismond, and how he loved Sir John. Then he asked about his daughter Rosalynd, and Rosader told him how Torismond had banished her, and how Alinda chose rather to share her exile than part fellowship; whereupon the unnatural father had banished her, too.

When Torismond knew of Rosader's flight, and that Saladyne was now sole heir of Sir John's estates, he sought a quarrel with him, so as to come at his revenues. At first Saladyne was thrown into prison, where he was soon brought to repent his injuries to Rosader. Being sent for by the usurper, and questioned about his brother, he answered that he had fled, he knew not whither. Then Torismond said,—"Nay, villain, I have heard of the wrongs thou hast done thy brother: I spare thy life for thy father's sake, but banish thee forever from the court and country of France; and see thy departure be within ten days, else thou shalt lose thy head." Meanwhile, Rosader gets to feel quite at home in his forest life, his hands being busy with woodland pursuits, and his thoughts with the image of Rosalynd, in whose praise he carves sonnets in the bark of trees, till one day he chances to meet her disguised as Ganimede. After drawing out his thoughts about herself, she engages him to visit and talk with her as if she were Rosalynd indeed. One day, as he was in chase of a deer, he came where he saw a man lying asleep, and a lion crouched near by, waiting for him to awake. Coming nearer, he perceived the man to be his brother Sala-

dyne. He debated with himself awhile what he should do, but at last resolved to do right: he killed the beast, but got a bad wound himself. At the noise Saladyne awoke, and, not knowing who his deliverer was, went along with him, and, being asked, told the story of his life, how he had wronged his brother, moistening his discourse with tears, till Rosader, unable to smother the sparks of nature, made himself known. "Much ado there was between them, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving all former injuries." In this temper Saladyne was conducted to the king, and of course taken into the woodland society.

This business detained Rosader from his appointment with Rosalynd, which caused her a deal of distress; and when at last he came, he had not much more than told the story of the late events, before it appeared that his coming was in good time. For a gang of ruffians, who had fled from justice and were living secretly in the forest, thought to kidnap Aliena and her page for a present to the usurper, to buy out the law, knowing that he was a lecher, and delighted in the spoil of virgin beauty. Their onset found Rosader on the spot. But he was unable to stand against so many, and, being badly hurt, was expecting to see his friends borne away, when Saladyne came up, "having a forest bill on his neck," which he handled with such good aim as wrought a speedy rescue. Alinda and Saladyne being thus brought together, their acquaintance soon ripened into a mutual vow. While this was in the forge, Coridon took his mistress and her page where they might overhear what passed between Montanus and Phœbe. Rosalynd was much provoked at Phœbe's behavior, and, their dialogue ended, went to chiding her, at the same time counselling her not to let slip so fair a chance. Phœbe, who all the while thought scorn to love, now gets as much enthralled to Ganimede as Montanus is to herself, when Rosalynd, seeing the effect of her speech, breaks off the interview, and leaves her sighing and weeping with this new passion. Then Phœbe presently reduces her love to writing, and asks Montanus to be her post to Ganimede,

which he readily undertakes to do, though knowing how it makes against himself. For some time things go on thus, Montanus wooing Phœbe, and Phœbe Ganimede, till Phœbe is drawn into a promise, that if she leave to love Ganimede, she will fancy Montanus; Ganimede at the same time engaging that if he ever wed any woman it shall be Phœbe.

Meanwhile, the day being set and the preparations begun for the nuptials of Saladyne and Alinda, this puts Rosader in great tribulation, that he cannot be married to Rosalynd at the same time. He tells his grief to Ganimede, who replies,—"Be of good cheer, man: I have a friend that is deeply experienced in necromancy and magic: what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage: I will cause him to bring Rosalynd if either France or any bordering nation harbor her"; at which Rosader frowned, thinking the page was jesting with him. When all are assembled for the wedding, Gerismond, observing the page, calls to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and sighs deeply. Rosader asking him the cause, he tells how the page reminds him of his daughter. Rosader then professing his love for her, the king declares that if she were present he would this day make up a marriage between them. Thereupon Ganimede withdraws to put on her woman's attire, and, presently returning as Rosalynd, falls at her father's feet, and craves his blessing. Of course it is soon settled that she and Rosader shall be married that day. Phœbe being now asked if she will be willing to give up the page, she replies that if they please she and Montanus will that day make the third couple in marriage. Hitherto Alinda has kept her disguise, and Saladyne sought her hand, thinking her to be what she seemed: now, seeing him look rather sorrowful, and supposing it to grow from the apparent disadvantage of his match, she makes herself known. By this time word is brought that the priest is at Church, and tarries their coming. The wedding well over, while they are at dinner Fernandine arrives, and informs them that the twelve peers of France are at hand with an army to restore Gerismond to the throne. The victory declaring for

them, and the usurper being slain, all wrongs are soon righted, and the exiles return together to Paris.

From this sketch, which has been made with care, it will be seen that the Poet has here borrowed much excellent matter: perhaps it will also be seen that he has used with exquisite judgment whatsoever he took. Excepting, indeed, *The Winter's Tale*, there is none of his plays wherein he has drawn so freely from others; nor, we may add, is there any wherein he has enriched his drawings more liberally from the glory of his own genius. To appreciate his judgment as shown in what he left, one must read the whole of Lodge's novel. In our sketch will be found no traces of Jaques, or Touchstone, or Audrey: in truth, there is nothing in the novel, that could yield to the slightest hint towards either of those characters. It need scarce be said that these superaddings are of themselves enough to transform the whole into another nature, pouring through all its veins a free and lively circulation of the most original wit, and humor, and poetry. And by a judicious indefiniteness as to persons and places, the Poet has greatly idealized the work, throwing it at a romantic distance, and weaving about it all the witchery of poetical perspective; and the whole falls in so smoothly with the laws of the imagination, that the breaches of geographical order are never noticed, save by such as cannot understand poetry without a map.

No one at all qualified to judge in the matter will suppose that Shakespeare could have been really indebted to Lodge, or whomsoever else, for any of the *characters* in *As You Like It*. He did but borrow certain names and forms for the bodying forth of conceptions purely his own. The resemblance is all in the drapery and circumstances of the representation, not in the individuals. For instance, we can easily imagine Rosalind in an hundred scenes not here represented, for she is a substantive personal being, such as we may detach and consider apart from the particular order wherein she stands; but we can discover in her no likeness to Lodge's Rosalynd, save that of name and situation: take away the similarity here, and there is noth-

ing to indicate that he who drew the heroine of the play had ever seen the heroine of the novel. And it is considerable, that though he has here borrowed more than almost any where else, there is no sign of any borrowing in the work itself: we can detect no foreign influences, no second-hand touches, nothing to suggest that any part of the thing had ever been thought of before; what he took being so thoroughly assimilated into what he gave, that the whole seems to have come fresh from nature and his own mind: so that, had the originals been lost, we should never have suspected there were any.

This play is exceedingly rich and varied in character. The several persons standing out round and clear, yet their distinctive traits in a remarkable degree sink quietly into the feelings, without reporting themselves in the understanding; for which cause the clumsy methods of criticism can scarce reduce them to expression. Properly speaking, the drama has no hero; for, though Orlando occupies the foreground, the characters are strictly coördinate, the very design of the work precluding any subordination among them. Diverted by fortune from all their cherished plans and purposes, they pass before us in just that moral and intellectual dishabille, which best reveals their indwelling graces of heart and mind. Schlegel, indeed, remarks that "throughout the picture the Poet seems to have aimed at showing that nothing is wanting to call forth the poetry which has its dwelling in nature and the human mind, but to throw off all artificial restraint, and restore both to their native liberty." But it should be further observed, that the persons have already been "purified by suffering," and that it was under the discipline of social restraint that they developed the virtues that make them go right without it. Because they have not hitherto been free to do as they would, therefore it is that they are good and beautiful in doing as they have a mind to now.

Orlando is altogether such a piece of young manhood as it does one good to be with. He has no special occasion for heroism, yet we feel that there is plenty of heroic stuff

in him. Brave, gentle, modest, and magnanimous; never thinking of his high birth but to avoid dishonoring it; in his noble-heartedness forgetting and making others forget his nobility of rank;—he is every way just such a man as all true men would choose for their best friend. The whole intercourse between him and his faithful old servant, Adam, is on both sides replete with the very divinity of the old chivalrous sentiment, in whose eye the nobilities of nature were always sure of recognition.

The exiled Duke exemplifies the best sense of nature, as thoroughly informed and built up with Christian discipline and religious efficacy, so that the asperities of life do but make his thoughts run the smoother. How sweet, yet how considerative and firm, is every thing about his temper and moral frame! he sees all that is seen by the most keen-eyed satirist, yet is never moved to be satirical, because he looks with wiser and therefore kindlier eye. Hence comes it that he "can translate the stubbornness of fortune into so quiet and so sweet a style." In his philosophy, so bland, benignant, and contemplative, the mind tastes the very luxury of rest, and has an antepast of measureless content.

Touchstone, though he nowhere strikes so deep a chord within us as the poor fool in Lear, is the most entertaining of Shakespeare's privileged characters. Richly indeed does his grave logical nonsense moralize the scenes wherein he moves. It is curious to observe how the Poet takes care to let us know from the first, that beneath the affectations of his calling some precious sentiments have been kept alive; that far within the fool there is laid up a secret reserve of the man, ready to leap forth and combine with better influences as soon as the incrustations of art are thawed and broken up. Used to a life cut off from human sympathies; stripped of the common responsibilities of the social state; living for no end but to make aristocratic idlers laugh; one, therefore, whom nobody respects enough to resent or be angry at any thing he says;—of course his habit is to speak all for effect, nothing for truth: instead of yielding or being passive to the natural force and vir-

tue of things, his vocation is to wrest and transshape them out of their true scope. Thus a strange willfulness and whimsicality has wrought itself into the substance of his mind. Yet his nature is not so "subdued to what it works in," but that, amidst the scenes and inspirations of the forest, the fool quickly slides into the man; the supervenings of the place so running into and athwart what he brings with him, that his character comes to be as dappled and motley as his dress. Even in the new passion which here takes him there is a touch of his old willfulness: when he falls in love, as he really does, nothing seems to inspire and draw him more than the unloveliness of the object; thus approving that even so much of nature as survives in him is not content to run in natural channels.

Jaques, we believe, is an universal favorite, as indeed he well may be, for he is certainly one of the Poet's happiest conceptions. Without being at all unnatural, he has an amazing stock of peculiarity. Enraptured out of his senses at the voice of a song; thrown into a paroxysm of laughter at sight of the motley-clad and motley-witted fool; taking no interest in things but for the melancholy thoughts they start up in his mind; and shedding the twilight of his merry-sad spirit over all the darker spots of human life and character;—he represents the abstract and sum total of an utterly useless yet perfectly harmless man, seeking wisdom by adjuring its first principle. An odd rich mixture of reality and affectation, he does nothing but think, yet avowedly thinks to no purpose; or rather thinking is with him its own end. On the whole, if in Touchstone there be much of the philosopher in the fool, in Jaques there is not less of the fool in the philosopher; so that Ulrici is not so wide of the mark in calling them "two fools." He is equally willful, too, in his turn of thought and speech, though not so conscious of it; and as he plays his part more to please himself, so he is proportionably less open to the healing and renovating influences of nature. The society of good men, provided they be in adversity, has great charms for him, because such moral

discrepancies offer the most salient points to his cherished meditations. Still even his melancholy is grateful, because free from any dash of malignity. His morbid pruriency of mind seems to spring from an excess of generative virtue. And how racy and original is every thing that comes from him! as if it bubbled up from the center of his being; while his perennial fullness of matter makes his company always delightful.

It is not quite certain whether Jaques or Rosalind be the greater attraction: there is enough in either to make the play a continual feast; though her charms are less liable to be staled by custom, because they result from health of mind and symmetry of character; so that in her presence the head and heart draw entirely together, and therefore move so smoothly as to render us happy without letting us know why. For wit this strange, queer, lovely being is fully equal, perhaps superior, to Beatrice, yet nowise resembling her. A soft, subtle, nimble essence, consisting in one knows not what, and springing up one can hardly tell how, her wit neither stings nor burns, but plays briskly and airily over all things within its reach, enriching and adorning them, insomuch that one could ask no greater pleasure than to be the continual theme of it. In its irrepressible vivacity it waits not for occasion, but runs on forever, and we wish it to run on forever: we have a sort of faith that her dreams are made up of cunning, quirkish, graceful fancies. And her heart seems a perennial fountain of affectionate cheerfulness: no trial can break, no sorrow chill her flow of spirits; even her deepest sighs are breathed forth in a wrappage of innocent mirth; an arch, roguish smile irradiates her saddest tears. Yet beneath all her playfulness we feel that there is a firm basis of thought and womanly dignity, so that she never laughs away our respect. It is quite remarkable how, in respect of her disguise, Rosalind reverses the conduct of Viola, yet with much the same effect. For though she seems as much at home in her male attire as if she had always worn it, this never strikes us otherwise than as an exercise of skill for

the better concealing of what she is. And on the same principle her occasional freedoms of speech serve but to deepen our sense of her innate delicacy; they being manifestly intended as a part of her disguise, and springing from the feeling that it is far less indelicate to go a little out of her character, than to keep strictly within it at the risk of causing a suspicion of her sex.—Celia appears well worthy of a place beside her whose love she shares and repays. Instinct with the soul of moral beauty and of female tenderness, the friendship of these more than sisters "mounts to the seat of grace within the mind."

The general scope and drift, or, as Ulrici would say, the ground-idea, of this play is aptly hinted by the title. As for the beginnings of what is here represented, they do not greatly concern us, for most of them lie back out of our view, and the rest are soon lost sight of in what grows out of them; but the issues, of which there are many, are all exactly to our mind; we feel them to be just about right, and would not have them otherwise. For example, touching Oliver and Frederick, our wish is, that they should repent, and repair the wrong they have done; in a word, that they should become good, which is precisely what takes place; and as soon as they do this, they of course love those that were good before. Jaques, too, is so fitted to moralize the discrepancies of human life, so happy and at home, and withal so agreeable while doing it, that we would not he should follow the good Duke when in his case those discrepancies are composed: we feel that the best thing he can do is to leave him, and take to one who, growing better, and so resigning his ill-gotten wealth, resolves to do right, though it bring him to penury and rags. The same might easily be shown in regard to the other issues: indeed, we dare ask any genial, considerate reader,—Does not every thing turn out just *as you like it?* Moreover, there is an indefinable something about the play, that puts us in a passive and receptive temper and frame of mind; that opens the heart, smiles away all querulousness and fault-finding, and makes us easy and apt to be pleased.

Thus the Poet disposes us to like things as they come, and at the same time takes care that they shall come as we like.

Much has been said by one critic and another about the improbabilities in this play. We confess they have never troubled us; and as we have had no trouble here to get out of, we do not well know how to help others out. Wherefore, if any one be still annoyed by these things, we will turn him over to the poet Campbell, wishing him nothing worse or better than that he may find that author's charming criticism just *as he likes it*. "Before I say more of this dramatic treasure, I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her cousin Celia,—'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers,—'To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.' But, arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire, until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind,—for until a late period my eyes were never couched so as to see this objection. The truth, however, is, that love is *wilfully* blind; and now that my eyes are opened, I shut them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabilities, when the heart has been touched, and the fancy fascinated!

"In fact, though there is no rule without exceptions, and no general truth without limitation, it may be pronounced, that if you delight us in fiction, you may make our sense of probability slumber as deeply as you please. But it may be asked, whether nature and truth are to be sacrificed at the altar of fiction? No! in the main effect of fiction on the fancy, they never are or can be sacrificed. The improbabilities of fiction are only its exceptions, while the truth of nature is its general law; and unless the truth of nature were in the main observed, the fictionist could not

lull our vigilance as to particular improbabilities. Apply this maxim to *As You Like It*, and our Poet will be found to make us forget what is eccentric from nature in a limited view, by showing it more beautifully probable in a larger contemplation."

Finally, we have to confess that, upon the whole, *As You Like It* is our favorite of Shakespeare's comedies. Yet we should be puzzled to tell why; for our preference springs, not so much from any particular points or features, wherein it is surpassed by several others, as from the general toning and effect. The whole is replete with a beauty so delicate, yet so intense, that we feel it every where, but can never tell especially where it is or in what it consists. For instance, the descriptions of forest scenery come along so unsought, and in such easy, natural touches, that we take in the impression, without once noticing what it is that impresses us. Thus there is a certain woodland freshness, a glad, free naturalness, that creeps and steals into the heart before we know it. We are persuaded, indeed, that Milton had this play especially in his mind when he wrote,—

> "And sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
> Warbles his native wood-notes wild."

Add to this, that the kindlier sentiments here seem playing out in a sort of jubilee. Untied from set purposes and definite aims, the persons come forth with their hearts already tuned, and so have nothing to do but let off their redundant music. Envy, jealousy, avarice, revenge, all the passions that afflict and degrade society, they have left in the city behind them. And they have brought the intelligence and refinement of the court, without its vanities and vexations; so that the graces of art and the simplicities of nature meet together in joyous loving sisterhood. Thus it answers to Ulrici's fine description: "The whole is a deep pervading harmony, while sweet and soul-touching melodies play around; all is so ethereal, so tender and

affecting, so free, fresh, and joyous, and so replete with a genial sprightliness, that I have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most excellent compositions in the whole wide domain of poesy."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE PLAY

Shakspere, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in his Forest of Arden. He had ended one great ambition—the historical plays—and not yet commenced his tragedies. It was a resting-place. He sends his imagination into the woods to find repose. Instead of the courts and camps of England, and the embattled plains of France, here was this woodland scene, where the palm-tree, the lioness, and the serpent are to be found; possessed of a flora and fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers. There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere. "Never is the scene within-doors, except when something discordant is introduced to heighten as it were the harmony." [1] After the trumpet-tones of Henry V comes the sweet pastoral strain, so bright, so tender. Must it not be all in keeping? Shakspere was not trying to control his melancholy. When he needed to do that, Shakspere confronted his melancholy very passionately, and looked it full in the face. Here he needed refreshment, a sunlight tempered by forest-boughs, a breeze upon his forehead, a stream murmuring in his ears.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

ROSALIND

Though Rosalind is a princess, she is a princess of Arcady; and notwithstanding the charming effect produced

[1] C. A. Brown. *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems.*

by her first scenes, we scarcely ever think of her with a reference to them, or associate her with a court, and the artificial appendages of her rank. She was not made to "lord it o'er a fair mansion," and take state upon her like the all-accomplished Portia; but to breathe the free air of heaven, and frolic among green leaves. She was not made to stand the siege of daring profligacy, and oppose high action and high passion to the assaults of adverse fortune, like Isabel; but to "fleet the time carelessly as they did i' the golden age." She was not made to bandy wit with lords, and tread courtly measures with plumed and warlike cavaliers, like Beatrice; but to dance on the green sward, and "murmur among living brooks a music sweeter than their own."—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

We are introduced to Rosalind as a poor bird with a drooping wing; her father is banished, she is bereft of her birthright, and is living on sufferance as companion to the usurper's daughter, being, indeed, half a prisoner in the palace, where till lately she reigned as princess. It is not until she has donned the doublet and hose, appears in the likeness of a page, and wanders at her own sweet will in the open air and the greenwood, that she recovers her radiant humor, and roguish merriment flows from her lips like the trilling of a bird.

Nor is the man she loves an overweening gallant with a sharp tongue and an unabashed bearing. This youth, though brave as a hero and strong as an athlete, is a child in inexperience, and so bashful in the presence of the woman who instantly captivates him, that it is she who is the first to betray her sympathy for him, and has even to take the chain from her own neck and hang it around his before he can so much as muster up courage to hope for her love. So, too, we find him passing his time in hanging poems to her upon the trees, and carving the name of Rosalind in their bark. She amuses herself, in her page's attire, by making herself his confidant, and pretending, as it were in jest, to be his Rosalind. She cannot bring her-

self to confess her passion, although she can think and talk (to Celia) of no one but him, and although his delay of a few minutes in keeping tryst with her sets her beside herself with impatience. She is as sensitive as she is intelligent, in this differing from Portia, to whom, in other respects, she bears some resemblance, though she lacks her persuasive eloquence, and is, on the whole, more tender, more virginal. She faints when Oliver, to excuse Orlando's delay, brings her a handkerchief stained with his blood; yet has sufficient self-mastery to say with a smile the moment she recovers, "I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited." She is quite at her ease in her male attire, like Viola and Imogen after her. She is unrivalled in vivacity and inventiveness. In every answer she discovers gunpowder anew, and she knows how to use it to boot.

What Rosalind says of women in general applies to herself in particular: you will never find her without an answer until you find her without a tongue. And there is always a bright and merry fantasy in her answers. She is literally radiant with youth, imagination, and the joy of loving so passionately and being so passionately beloved. And it is marvellous how thoroughly feminine is her wit. Too many of the witty women in books written by men have a man's intelligence. Rosalind's wit is tempered by feeling.—Brandes.

Rosalind's character is made up of sportive gaiety and natural tenderness: her tongue runs the faster to conceal the pressure at her heart. She talks herself out of breath, only to get deeper in love. The coquetry with which she plays with her lover in the double character which she has to support is managed with the nicest address. How full of voluble, laughing grace is all her conversation with Orlando—

> —"In heedless mazes running
> With wanton haste and giddy cunning."

How full of real fondness and pretended cruelty is her answer to him when he promises to love her "For ever and a day!"

"Say a day without the ever: no, no, Orlando, men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives: I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclined to sleep.

Orlando. But will my Rosalind do so?
Rosalind. By my life she will do as I do."

—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

CELIA

Celia is more quiet and retired: but she rather yields to Rosalind, than is eclipsed by her. She is as full of sweetness, kindness and intelligence, quite as susceptible, and almost as witty, though she makes less display of wit. She is described as less fair and less gifted; yet the attempt to excite in her mind a jealousy of her lovelier friend, by placing them in comparison—

> Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name;
> And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
> When she is gone—

fails to awaken in the generous heart of Celia any other feeling than an increased tenderness and sympathy for her cousin. To Celia, Shakspeare has given some of the most striking and animated parts of the dialogue; and in particular, that exquisite description of the friendship between her and Rosalind—

> If she be a traitor,
> Why, so am I; we have still slept together,
> Rose at an instant, learned, played, ate together,
> And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
> Still we went coupled and inseparable.

The feeling of interest and admiration thus excited for Celia at the first, follows her through the whole play. We listen to her as to one who has made herself worthy of our love; and her silence expresses more than eloquence.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

DUKE FREDERICK

That Duke Frederick is not constitutionally cruel, is indicated in his endeavor to stay the wrestling, "in pity of the challenger's youth," first by personal dissuasion of Orlando, then by suggesting to the princesses to use their influence, while he stands considerately aside, and then by restricting the encounter to one fall; and thus, tyrant as he is, he is in sympathy with the assembled crowd, who so deeply compassionate the bereaved father. Again, he is better than his class in his care of the grasping and disabled prizer—"How dost thou, Charles?" and "bear him away." Ambition and avarice control his better nature, which regains its elasticity, however, when he is brought under the genial influences of a clearer air and an altered scene. Certain it is that such a change has a healthy moral, as well as physical influence; it is one of the rescuing energies of nature, and if in actual nature it has not always the permanent vigor that is desirable, and loses its force when we return again into the circle of old local influences and associations, the more delightful is it for a time to revel in a fiction which exhibits one of the most beautiful resources of nature, operating with a vitality that brings aid to faltering virtue and corrects the flaws of fortune, and turns the odds of the great combat of life to the side of the excellent and the admirable.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

DUKE FREDERICK AND OLIVER

Duke Frederick is called even by his daughter a man of harsh and envious mind; he appears to be perpetually actu-

ated by gloomy fancies, by suspicion and mistrust, and to be urged on by covetousness. He has banished his brother and usurped the throne, he has robbed all the lords of their property who have gone with his brother, he has regarded with hostile suspicion all honorable men, the old Rowland de Bois as well as his brave Orlando, and he has surrounded himself with the dishonorable, who nevertheless, like Le Beau, are not devoted to him. Orlando's victory over the wrestler is enough to kindle his suspicion against him; once awakened, it lights upon the hitherto spared Rosalind, for no other reason than that she throws his daughter into the shade, and thus excites the father's envy, a passion which he wishes the inoffensive Celia to share also. When both the friends upon this disappear at the same time with Orlando, Frederick's suspicion and covetousness fall upon Oliver, whom he had hitherto favored. In this eldest son of the brave Rowland de Bois there flows the same vein of avarice and envy as in the Duke. He strives to plunder his brother of his poor inheritance, he undermines his education and gentility, he first endeavors to stifle his mind, and then he lays snares for his life; all this he does from an undefined hatred of the youth, whom he is obliged to confess is "full of noble device," but who for this very reason draws away the love of all his people from Oliver to himself; and on this account excites his envious jealousy. Both the Duke and Oliver equally forfeit the happiness which they seek, the one the heritage of his usurped dukedom, the other his lawful and unlawful possessions. And in this lies the primary impulse and the material motive for their subsequent renunciation of the world; a more moral incentive to this change of mind is given to Oliver in the preservation of his life by Orlando, and to the Duke in the warning voice of a religious man who speaks to his conscience and his fear. These are only sketches of characters, not intended to play conspicuous parts; but we see that they are drawn by the same sure hand which we have seen at work throughout Shakespeare's works.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE EXILED DUKE

The exiled Duke is a perfect exemplar of what should comprise a Christian's course—a cheerful gratitude for the benefits that have been showered upon him; a calm, yet firm endurance of adversity; a tolerance of unkindness; and a promptitude to forgive injuries. How sweet, and yet how strong is his moral nature! It seems as though no trial, social or physical, could change the current of his gracious wisdom. In a scene subsequent to that containing his celestial confession of moral faith, we have the proof that his philosophy is no cold profession merely,—no lip-deep ostentation,—no barren theory without practice. His conduct shows that his cheerful morality nestles in his heart, and inspires his actions. It is the seventh Scene of the second Act, where he and his followers are about to sit down to their woodland meal, when Orlando rushes in with his drawn sword, and demands food. There is in every point of the Duke's behavior on this occasion, the forbearance, the gentleness, the charity, and the cordial courtesy which grow out of such philosophy as his—that of unaffected contentment. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," indeed, when they teach such lessons as these! We cannot fancy that this true-hearted gentleman could have so perfected his native character had he never known the reverse of fortune, which exiled him from his court, and sent him among the forest-trees to learn wisdom from all-bounteous Nature; to know the worth of his true friends, who forsook land and station to share his seclusion; and to secure a peace of soul seldom known to those who live perpetually in the turmoil of public life. We find how dear his sylvan haunts have become to him; how happy have been the hours spent among them with his friends; how entirely their calm has penetrated his soul, and made part of his existence, by the unwillingness with which he prepares to quit these scenes at the end of the play, when his dukedom is restored to him. He receives the news with his own philosophic composure; and, by a

word or two that he lets fall, it may be shrewdly suspected that he only intends returning to repossess himself of his birthright, in order to secure it for his daughter Rosalind, and her future husband, Orlando; and then that he will quietly leave the young people at court, and steal back with a few of his faithful friends to close their days in retirement on the spot where they have been so contentedly happy. Mayhap, as the years creep on, and age-aches warn him not to disregard the "seasons' difference," he will exchange the table under the greenwood tree for one beneath the oaken roof. But be sure that his house will be close upon the forest glades, and on his table will smoke a haunch of the red deer for old lang syne.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

JAQUES

Jaques envies no one. He is satirical, but not venomous. He is drawn to Rosalind and Orlando, though they will not have anything to do with his melancholy egotism, which, in their eyes, makes him wearisome. He seeks people who think which the wornout sensualist does not; who have what the Duke calls "matter" in them for which the mere cynic does not care. He is really interested in the fate of the wounded deer, though he makes it a text for his moralizing only, and will not stir from his couch of moss to help it. He is vain of his brooding thoughtfulness, and of course he has plenty to think of. His wild life has given him knowledge of the purlieus of human nature, and their many problems. When he remembers all this matter of humanity, he is sullen, but not savage; and then old gentlemen, like the banished Duke, who are void of his storied experience of life, seek him out and taste through his moralizing a pleasant savour of far-off naughtiness, of a world fuller and more varied than the forest. This was sure to please an exile from the world like the Duke, who, though he makes the best of the wild wood, will not be sorry to get back to the court. The

good stuff of thought in Jaques somewhat excuses his egotism. But he is over-vain of it, and when Rosalind laughs at his apparent wisdom and tells him it is really folly, he is hurt; and the hurt is the deeper, because an inward whisper tells him Rosalind is right.—Brooke, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare.*

Jaques has clearly morbid traits; yet he represents a type very characteristic of the early seventeenth century, and one which, as the minute and elaborate drawing shows, greatly interested Shakespeare. The staple of his "melancholy" was the vague sadness of a sated brain, the despondent waking after the glorious national revelry of Elizabeth's prime. But there are glimpses in it of a profounder and nobler melancholy, which Shakespeare himself, it can hardly be doubted, came to share, melancholy of a profound sensitiveness to wrong and suffering. Jaques's effusive pathos over the wounded stag, strange and untimely note as it sounds among the blithe horns and carols of the hunters, preludes a deeper, more comprehensive pity, —the stuff of which, in the next years, the great tragedies were to be wrought.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

Jaques is Shakespeare's embodiment of a doctrine that is scattered in fragments about his early plays, the doctrine of Aristotle which associates melancholy with certain abnormal or highly-developed mental power; this melancholy, vulgarized into a "humour" which came mostly from France, had not long before played its part in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humor;* but Shakespeare dignifies the conception, though Jaques can "suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs."—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Work.*

In the character of Jaques it is very evident that Shakespeare intended to represent a certain delicate shade of incipient melancholia. . . . . The melancholy of Jaques

is not so much a fixed condition of disease as the gradual ingravescence of the melancholic state. . . . . After a careful examination of him, we confess our inability to discover anything more really morbid in his mental or moral organization than what is glanced at above as belonging to the initiatory stage of the disease.—KELLOGG, *Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity.*

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

All the characters in Jaques' sketch are well taken care of. The infant is nursed; the boy is educated; the youth, tormented by no greater cares than the necessity of hunting after rhymes to please the ear of a lady, whose love sits so lightly upon him as to set him upon nothing more serious than such a self-amusing task; the man in prime of life is engaged in gallant deeds, brave in action, anxious for character, and ambitious of fame; the man in declining years has won the due honors of his rank, he enjoys the luxuries of the table, and dispenses the terrors of the bench; the man of age still more advanced is well-to-do in the world. If his shank be shrunk, it is not without hose and slipper; if his eyes be dim, they are spectacled; if his years have made him lean, they have gathered for him the wherewithal to fatten the pouch by his side. And when this strange, eventful history is closed by the penalties paid by men who live too long, Jaques does not tell us that the helpless being, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything," is left unprotected in his helplessness.—MAGINN, *Shakespeare Papers.*

TOUCHSTONE

The fool whom Jacques so envies, who is his counterpart and mental kinsman, is the merry clown Touchstone. He is a genuine old English clown—in the Shakespearean form—a fool with the jingling cap and bells, one who is and wishes to be a fool; the same personification of ca-

price and ridicule, and with the same keen perception of the faults and failings of mankind as Jacques, but a fool with his own knowledge and consent, and not merely passive but active also. He speaks, acts and directs his whole life in accordance with the capricious folly and foolish capriciousness which he considers to be the principles of human existence. While therefore the other lovers are in pursuit of their high ideals of beauty, amiability and virtue, and yet do not in reality attain anything beyond the common human standard, he takes to himself quite an ordinary, silly, ugly, peasant girl; he loves her, in fact, just because she pleases him, and she pleases him just because he loves her. This is the obstinacy of love in its full force, as conceived by Shakespeare in his comedies. And yet this capriciousness which apparently ridicules itself, at the same time, contains a significant trait in which he exhibits his inmost nature, a trait of what is simple, natural, and common to all men, in contrast to what is exaggerated and unnatural, and to all that which is sentimental, eccentric and fantastic—a genuine human trait which, however, he had hitherto been unable to show. While, further, all the other characters have chosen the secluded free life of the Forest of Arden on account of their outward circumstances or inward impulse, in short, with good reason or free will, he alone has gone there without any occasion or reason whatever; he has even done so against his own inclination as the good cheer at court suited him far better; in other words he has done so deliberately in the actual sense of the word. And yet it is just in this that he again, under the mask of folly, shows a trait of genuine human nature, noble unselfishness and fidelity. Lastly, while all the other characters appear more or less like the unconscious play-balls of their own caprices and whims, feelings and impulses, he proves himself to be the one that makes game both of himself and of all the others; by this very means, however, he shows his true independence and freedom. And inasmuch as he consciously and intentionally makes himself a fool and gives free reins to his caprices, freaks

and humors, he, at least, shows that he possesses the first necessary elements of true freedom, the consciousness of, and sovereignty over himself. He the professed Fool may frankly be declared the most rational person of the whole curious company, for he alone invariably knows his own mind; in regarding everything as sheer folly, he, at the same time takes it up in the humor in which it is meant to be understood. Accordingly, in Touchstone (who, as it were, personifies the humor which pervades the whole), we find all the perversities and contradictions of a life and mode of life *as you like it* reflected in a concave mirror; but this exterior, at the same time, conceals the poetic truth of the reverse side of the whole. Therefore we find a striking contrast to him in Sir Oliver Martext, the very embodiment of common prose, who will not suffer anything to lead him from his own text, but in doing this thoroughly perverts the text of true living reality, the ideal, poetical substance of the book of life—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

SILVIUS AND PHEBE

Amongst the couples whom Hymen unites are Silvius and Phebe, who had already made their appearance in Lodge's romance. The novelist had censured Phebe for her excessive scorn, and had emphasized the retribution in kind that falls upon her head. But his picture of the self-forgetting devotion of Silvius was, on the whole, sympathetic, and neither of the characters moved in a different plane from the remaining figures in the story. But in the drama this is exactly what they do, for, by a number of minute touches, Shakspere transposes them into the region of caricature. Unlike the other lovers, they speak uniformly in verse instead of prose, and this in itself gives a distinctively idealistic flavor to their sentiments. Silvius' recital in strophic form to Corin of the signs of true love, ending with the triple invocation of the name of Phebe, prepares us for the pageant played between him and his

disdainful mistress. Phebe has all the "regulation" charms of a pastoral nymph—inky brows, black silk hair, bugle eyeballs, and cheeks of cream; but these are turned into burlesque by the addition of "a leathern hand, a free-stone coloured hand." She has been allowed a very pretty gift of language, and her process of proof to Silvius that eyes, "the frailest, softest things, who shut their coward gates on atomies," cannot be called butchers or murderers, is a charming piece of filigree logic. But her dainty terms become ridiculous when they are used to express her love for Ganymede; and the poetical epistle in which she questions the supposed youth whether he is a "god to shepherd turned," and promises, if her passion is fruitless, to "study how to die," is a glaring travesty of the sentimental effusions of the conventional love-lorn Phyllises and Chloes. Similarly the "tame snake," Silvius, who is satisfied to live upon a "scattered smile" loosed now and then by his mistress, and who bears her letter to Ganymede in the fond belief that it has an angry tenor, is a parody of that true loyalty of heart which, as seen in Orlando, is no enemy to either cheerfulness or self-respect. At the end of the comedy, when they have served the dramatist's purpose, they are united in marriage like the other lovers; but this similarity of fate does not annul the contrast between the Dresden-china couple, and the true children of nature, Orlando and Rosalind.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

THE FOREST OF ARDEN

It has been truly and beautifully said of Shakspere,—"All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth." [1] But there are critics of another caste, who ob-

[1] Knight, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

ject to Shakspere's forest of Arden, situated, as they hold, "between the rivers Meuse and Moselle." They maintain that its geographical position ought to have been known by Shakspere; and that he is consequently most vehemently to be reprehended for imagining that a palm-tree could flourish, and a lioness be starving, in French Flanders. We most heartily wish that the critics would allow poetry to have its own geography. We do *not* want to know that Bohemia has no seaboard; we do *not* wish to have the island of Sycorax defined on the map; we do *not* require that our forest of Arden should be the *Arduenna Sylva* of Cæsar and Tacitus, and that its rocks should be "clay-slate, grauwacke-slate, grauwacke, conglomerate, quartz-rock, and quartzose sandstone." We are quite sure that Ariosto was thinking nothing of French Flanders when he described how

> "two fountains grew,
> Like in the taste, but in effects unlike,
> *Plac'd in Ardenna,* each in other's view:
> Who tastes the one, love's dart his heart doth strike
> Contrary of the other dost ensue,
> Who drinks thereof, their lovers shall mislike."

We are equally sure that Shakspere *meant* to take his forest out of the region of the literal, when he assigned to it a palm-tree and a lioness.

Banishment and flight have assembled together in the Forest of Arden a singular society: a Duke dethroned by his brother, and, with his faithful companions in misfortune, living in the wilds on the produce of the chase; two distinguished princesses, who love each other with a sisterly affection; a witty court fool; lastly, the native inhabitants of the forest, ideal and natural shepherds and shepherdesses. These lightly-sketched figures pass along in the most diversified succession; we see always the shady, dark-green landscape in the background, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or toil; they flow on unnumbered in voluntary occupation

or fanciful idleness, to which every one addicts himself according to his humor or disposition; and this unlimited freedom compensates all of them for the lost conveniences of life. One throws himself down solitarily under a tree and indulges in melancholy reflections on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-created torments of social life; others make the woods resound with social and festive songs to the accompaniment of their horns. Selfishness, envy, and ambition have been left in the city behind them; of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into the wilderness, where it dictates the same language to the simple shepherd and the chivalrous youth who hangs his love-ditty to a tree. A prudish shepherdess falls instantaneously in love with Rosalind, disguised in man's apparel; the latter sharply reproaches her with her severity to her poor lover, and the pain of refusal, which she at length feels from her own experience, disposes her to compassion and requital. The fool carries his philosophical contempt of external show and his raillery of the illusion of love so far, that he purposely seeks out the ugliest and simplest country wench for a mistress. Throughout the whole picture it seems to have been the intention of the poet to show that nothing is wanted to call forth the poetry which has its dwelling in nature and the human mind, but to throw off all artificial constraint and restore both to their native liberty.—Schlegel, *Lectures on Dramatic Literature.*

Shakespeare has made the inhabitants of this forest appear so happy in their banishment, that, when they are called back to the cares of the world, it seems more like a punishment than a reward. Jaques has too much prudence to leave his retirement; and yet, when his associates are departed, his state can no longer be enviable, as refined society was the charm which seemed here to bestow on country life its more than usual enjoyments.—Inchbald, "*As you like it*" in *The British Theatre.*

A PASTORAL COMEDY

Though said to be oftener read than any other of Shakespeare's plays, *As You Like It* is certainly less fascinating than several of his other comedies. The dramatist has presented us with a pastoral comedy, the characters of which, instead of belonging to an ideal pastoral age, are true copies of what Nature would produce under similar conditions. . . . . The poet has relieved the development of a melancholy subject and an insignificant story by the introduction of a more than usual number of really individual subordinate characters. Even Rosalind, that beautiful but willful representation of woman's passion, is not an important accessory to the moral purpose of the comedy; and the other characters, however gracefully delineated, are not amalgamated into an artistic action with that full power which overwhelms us with astonishment in the grander efforts of Shakespeare's genius.—HALLIWELL, *Introduction to "As You Like It."*

A PLEASING PLAY

Few comedies of Shakespeare are more generally pleasing, and its manifold improbabilities do not much affect us in perusal. The brave injured Orlando, the sprightly but modest Rosalind, the faithful Adam, the reflecting Jaques, the serene and magnanimous Duke, interest us by turns, though the play is not so well managed as to condense our sympathy, and direct it to the conclusion.—HALLAM, *Literature of Europe.*

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in banishment*
FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions*
AMIENS, JAQUES, } *lords attending on the banished Duke*
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick*
CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick*
OLIVER, JAQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys*
ADAM, DENNIS, } *servants to Oliver*
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar*
CORIN, SYLVIUS, } *shepherds*
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey*
A person representing Hymen

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess*
AUDREY, *a country wench*

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden*

The pronunciation of *"Jaques"* is still somewhat doubtful, though the metrical test makes it certain that it is always a dissyllable in Shakespeare: there is evidence that the name was well known in England, and ordinarily pronounced as a monosyllable; hence Harrington's *Metamorphosis of A-jax* (1596). The name of the character was probably rendered *"Jakës"*: the modern stage practice is in favor of *"Jaq-wes."*—I. G.

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Frederick, the younger brother of a French Duke, usurps the place of his brother and banishes him. The rightful Duke retires to the forest of Arden and is there joined by a few of his faithful friends whose possessions are confiscated by the usurper. The Duke's daughter Rosalind remains at her uncle's court as a companion for her cousin Celia. These two girls have been bred together from their cradles and "never two ladies loved as they do." In disguise, Orlando, the son of one of the banished Duke's friends, wrestles with the Duke's wrestler and is victorious. Frederick is kindly disposed toward the youth until he finds out who he is. Rosalind rejoices to know of this relationship, for she is much attracted to Orlando. Because of her accomplishments and for the sake of her father, Rosalind has many friends—so many that her uncle grows alarmed and banishes her from his court. Celia insists on accompanying her cousin, as she says, for "the love which teacheth thee that thou and I am one."

ACT II

The ladies take with them Frederick's clown, who is devoted to both of them. Rosalind dresses herself as a country-man and Celia as his sister. They find their way to the Forest of Arden, and not knowing in what part of the woods to look for the Duke, they purchase a shepherd's house and his flocks. Orlando, finding it impossible to live peacefully with his elder brother Oliver and fearing

the latter's evil designs, also journeys to this forest to join the banished Duke.

ACT III

On the day of the wrestling-match, Orlando had fallen in love with Rosalind and he now spends much of his time writing verses about her and fastening them to the trees. Rosalind and Celia find some of these, and Rosalind, remembering how she is dressed, is distressed to think Orlando is so near. But she soon recovers her light spirits and decides to talk to him as youth to youth and find out how much he really cares for her. She invites him to visit her and to talk to her as he would like to talk to Rosalind. Orlando gladly accepts this offer.

ACT IV

Orlando's brother Oliver follows Orlando to the forest to do him harm. He is discovered by the younger man, sleeping under an oak-tree and in two-fold danger of his life by a snake and by a lioness. Orlando is tempted to leave his brother to his fate, but the good in him triumphs over this evil thought and he saves Oliver's life. But in so doing he himself is wounded by the lioness. He sends Oliver, who has repented of his treatment of him, to tell Rosalind of his injury. Rosalind swoons at the news, but pretends that the faint was only counterfeit.

ACT V

Oliver has fallen in love with Celia, and she returns his affection. They decide to be married very shortly, and Rosalind, still in male disguise, promises Orlando that he shall marry his lady-love at the same time and that she will find a way to bring the lady to him. Rosalind finds her father and obtains his permisssion for his daughter to marry Orlando. Then she and Celia retire and return in their proper dress. The Duke and Orlando are delighted at the transformation. The weddings take place imme-

diately, and instead of just two couples, there are four, for the clown who had accompanied the ladies to the forest had met and loved a country-lass, and the fourth couple are a shepherd and his sweetheart. The joy of the wedding party is increased by the news which comes to them of Duke Frederick. While on his way to the forest to capture his brother and put him to the sword, he had met "with an old religious man," and "after some question with him, was converted both from his enterprise and from the world, his crown bequeathing to his banished brother, and all their lands restored to them again that were with him exiled."

AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home un-

1. *"it was upon this fashion: bequeathed,"* &c. The Folio does not place a stop at *"fashion,"* but makes *"bequeathed"* a past participle; the words *"charged"* . . . *"on his blessing"* presuppose *"he"* or *"my father"*; the nominative, may, however, be easily supplied from the context, or possibly, but doubtfully, *"a"* (=*"he"*) has been omitted before *"charged."* There is very much to be said in favor of the Folio reading; a slight confusion of two constructions seems to have produced the difficulty. Warburton, Hanmer, and Capell proposed to insert *"my father"* before *"bequeathed."* Others punctuate in the same way as in the present text, but read *"he bequeathed"* or *"my father bequeathed"*; the Cambridge editors hold that the subject of the sentence is intentionally omitted. —I. G.

kept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

33. *"what make you here"*; that is, what *do* you here? See *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act. ii. sc. 1, and Act iv. sc. 2.—H. N. H.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well, here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Aye, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my

brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me?

I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay be-

118. *"Duke's daughter";* that is, the *usurping* duke's daughter.—H. N. H.

hind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentle-

126. *"forest of Arden"; Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the river Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. Spenser, in his *Colin Clout,* mentions it.

> "So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
> Not famous *Ardeyn,* nor foul Arlo was."

In Lodge's *Rosalynde* the exiled king of France is said to be living as "an outlaw in the forest of Arden."—H. N. H.

128. *"old Robin Hood of England";* this prince of outlaws and "most gentle theefe" lived in the time of Richard I, and had his chief residence in Sherwood forest, Notinghamshire. Wordsworth aptly styles him "the English ballad-singer's joy"; and in Percy's *Reliques* is an old ballad entitled *Robin Hood* and *Guy of Gisborne,* showing how his praises were wont to be sung. Of his mode of life the best account that we have seen is in the twenty-sixth song of Drayton's *Poly-Olbion,* where the nymph of Sherwood forest,

> "All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
> That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king
> Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range
> For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
> To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court.
> The merry pranks he play'd would ask an age to tell,
> And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell.
> In this our spacious isle I think there is not one,
> But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
> And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
> Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
> Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
> In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade.
> An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood
> Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,
> All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue;
> His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
> When, setting to their lips their little bugles shrill,

men flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well

> The warbling Echoes wak'd from every dale and hill.
> And of these archers brave there was not any one,
> But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
> Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
> Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
> Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
> Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
> From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
> What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the poor:
> The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
> And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:
> He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
> But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
> Was ever constant known, which, wheresoe'er she came,
> Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game."

Robin Hood's mode of life is well set forth in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd.*—H. N. H.

as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I 'll tell thee, Charles:— it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I 'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I 'll

never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I 'll go about. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

183. *"Gamester";* that is, frolicsome fellow.—H. N. H.

194. *"which now I'll go about";* upon this passage Coleridge has a very characteristic remark: "It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakespeare with want of truth to nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths, which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly have presented to itself, in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."—H. N. H.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety

17. *"condition of my estate";* state of my fortune.—C. H. H.

of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dullness of the

fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught; now I 'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Aye, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

70. *"a certain knight";* this joke had already appeared in the old play of *Damon and Pithias.*—C. H. H.

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

91. *"old Frederick"; old* is here used merely as a term of familiarity; not meaning *aged.*—H. N. H.

93. The Folio prefixes *"Rosalind"* to the speech: Theobald first proposed the change to *"Celia,"* and he has been followed by most editors. Capell suggested *"Fernandine"* for *"Frederick"* in the previous speech. Shakespeare does not give us the name of Rosalind's father; he is generally referred to as *"Duke Senior":* Celia's father is mentioned as *"Frederick"* in two other places (l. 259 of this scene, and V. iv. 166). One has, however, a shrewd suspicion that Touchstone is referring to the exiled king as *"old* Frederick," and that Rosalind speaks the words *"my father's love is enough to honour him";* the expression is so much in harmony with her subsequent utterance, ll. 260–263.

"My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul."

And again, in the next scene, l. 32:—

"The Duke my father loved his father dearly."—I. G.

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau; what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what color?

Le Beau. What color madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel, Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

118. *"laid on with a trowel";* this is a proverbial phrase, meaning to do anything without delicacy. If a man flatter grossly, it is a common expression to say, he *lays it on with a trowel.*—H. N. H.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

138. *"with bills on their necks";* so in the old copies; but most editors are agreed that these words probably belong to Le Beau's speech, though the matter is not deemed so clear as to warrant a change. *Bills* were instruments or weapons used by watchmen and foresters. Watchmen were said to carry their bills or halberds on their *necks,* not on their shoulders. Of course there is a quibble on the word *bills,* the latter part of the speech referring to public notices, which were generally headed with the words,—"Be it known unto all men by these presents."—H. N. H.

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Aye, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I 'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

176. *"such odds in the man";* so in the original, meaning, of course, the man is so unequal. *Man* is usually but needlessly altered to *men.* —H. N. H.

183. *"the princess calls for you";* this is the only authorized text. The usual reading is, "the *princesses call* for you"; the text being thus changed, to make it agree with *them* in the next line. But the

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much

truth is, only *one* of the ladies calls for Orlando; and he says *them,* because he *sees* two, not because the request comes from them both.—H. N. H.

194. *"your eyes; our judgment";* Coleridge says,—"Surely it should be *'our eyes'* and *'our judgment'";* whereas the speaker's design apparently is, to compliment Orlando; the reverse of which would be the case in the reading proposed. The meaning, therefore, seems to be, that his own eyes and judgment, if he would use them about himself, would give him better counsel than he is following.—H. N. H.

205. This *wherein* is not a little in the way. Some have understood it as referring to *thoughts;* which is clearly wrong. The only meaning it can well bear is that of *since,* or *in that.* We are apt to think that the printer's eye caught the *wherein* just below, and thus inserted it here out of place. To our mind the sense would run much clearer, should we leave out the first *wherein,* put

guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

a period after *thoughts,* and a semicolon after *any thing.* Nevertheless, we adhere to the original.—H. N. H.

230. *"You mean";* Theobald proposed *"An' you mean,"* and the Cambridge editors suggested that *"and"* for *"an'"* (=*if*) may be the right reading, omitted by the printer, who mistook it for part of the stage-direction *"Orl. and"* for *"Orland."*—I. G.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!
Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg [*They wrestle.*
Ros. O excellent young man!
Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.
[*Shout. Charles is thrown.*
Duke F. No more, no more.
Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.
Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?
Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.
Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?
Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.
Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fair thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*
Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

248. *"I would thou hadst,"* etc. In Lodge, on the contrary, when Rosader named his father, "the king rose from his seat and embraced him, and the peers entreated him with all favourable courtesy." Shakespeare's alteration helps to explain both Orlando's flight to Arden, and Rosalind's interest in him as the son of her father's friend.—C. H. H.

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.
Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.
Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Aye. Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.
Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I 'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown

Ros. "Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means,"

As You Like It. Act 1, Scene 2.

More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

301. *"the taller";* but Rosalind is later on described as *"more than common tall,"* and Celia as *"the woman low, and browner than her brother":* probably *"taller"* is a slip of Shakespeare's pen: *"shorter," "smaller," "lesser," "lower,"* have been variously proposed; of these *"lesser"* strikes one perhaps as most Shakespearian.—I. G.

To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
[*Exit Le Beau.*
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

Scene III

A room in the palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

11. *"my child's father";* so in the original. Rowe suggested that it should be "my father's child," and that reading has been adopted in several editions. Coleridge says,—"Who can doubt that it is a mistake for 'my father's child,' meaning herself? A most indelicate anticipation is put into the mouth of Rosalind without reason;—and besides, what a strange thought, and how out of place, and unintelligible!" With these remarks we fully agree, yet do not feel at liberty to admit the change.—H. N. H.

21. *"hem and have him."* Rosalind probably said *ha'im* or *hae'm,* this colloquial pronunciation of *have* and its parts being occasionally used by Shakespeare even in verse, where the fuller form is written. As in *1 Hen. IV,* iii. 1.:—

Our grandam earth *having* this distemperature.—C. H. H.

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,

36. *"hated his father dearly";* Shakespeare's use of *dear* in a double sense has been already illustrated. See *Twelfth Night,* Act v. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

40. *"deserve well";* Celia, be it observed, has already shown that she has no sympathy with her father's crime, and she here speaks ironically, implying the severest censure upon him; her meaning apparently being,—"It was because your father deserved well that my father hated him; and ought I not, on your principle of reasoning, to hate Orlando for the same cause?"—H. N. H.

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Aye, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,

Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke. F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke

Ros. "Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?"

As You Like It. Act 1, Scene 3.

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I 'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I 'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart

112. *"change,"* &c., Folio 1; the other Folios read *"charge," i. e.* "burden," probably the true reading.—I. G.

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. I 'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

133. *"outface it";* put others out of countenance.—C. H. H.

139. There has been much discussion of the scansion of this line; several critics, in their anxiety to save Shakespeare from the serious charge of using a false quantity, propose to accent *"Aliena"* on the penultimate, but for all that it seems most likely that the line is to be read—

"No lóng/er Cél/ya bŭt / Ălĭ/ena."—I. G.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity;

5. *"here feel we but";* Theobald first conjectured *"but"* for *"not"* of the Folios, and his emendation has been accepted by many scholars, though violently opposed by others. Most of the discussions turn on *"the penalty of Adam,"* which ordinarily suggests toil—"in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread"—but in this passage Shakespeare makes the penalty to be "the seasons' difference," *cp. Paradise Lost,* x. 678, 9:—

"Else had the spring Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flowers."
—I. G.

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp

13–14. *"like the toad, ugly and venomous,"* &c. A favorite Euphuistic conceit, *e. g. "The foule toade hath a faire stone in his head,"* Euphues, p. 53 (ed. Arber), based on an actual belief in toad-stones. The origin of the belief is traced back to Pliny's description of a stone as "of the colour of a frog."—I. G.

14. The *"precious jewel"* in the toad's head was not his bright eye, as is sometimes supposed, but one of the "secret wonders of nature," which exist no longer "in the faith of reason." According to Edward Fenton, it was found in the heads of old, and large, and especially he toads, and was of great value for its moral and medicinal virtues. Of course so precious a thing, being rather hard to find, was often counterfeited, and there was an infallible test for distinguishing the counterfeit from the true: "You shall know whether the toad-stone be the right and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a toad, so that he may see it; and if it be a right and true stone the toad will leap towards it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone."—H. N. H.

Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,'quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldings do, giving thy sum of more

39. *"tears coursed,"* etc.; it was an ancient notion that a deer, being closely pursued, "flecth to a ryver or ponde, and roreth, cryeth, and *wepeth,* when he is take." Drayton in the thirteenth song of his *Poly-Olbion* has a fine description of a deer-hunt, which he winds up with an allusion to the same matter:

"He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall."

And in a note upon the passage he adds,—"The hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held precious in medicine."—H. N. H.

To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
"Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Aye,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what 's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place!
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

First Lord. I 'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*

49. *"to that which had too much";* so in *3 Henry VI,* Act v. sc. 4:

"With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength *to that which hath too much.*"—H. N. H.

51. *"part";* shut out.—C. H. H.

52. *"flux";* flow.—C. H. H.

Scene II

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.
Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I 'll make him find him: do this suddenly,

3. *"Are of consent and sufferance in this";* have connived at and permitted it. A legal phrase.—C. H. H.

And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Before Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who 's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

8. *"bonny";* big, burly.—C. H. H.

12. *"no more do yours,"* a somewhat loose construction, but one easily understood, the force of the previous sentence being "to some kind of men their graces serve them not as friends."—I. G.

15. *"Envenoms";* acts as a poison upon (not "makes poisonous").—C. H. H.

Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father,—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I 'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we 'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore

50. *"unbashful"*; immodest, unchaste.—C. H. H.
65. *"in lieu of"*; in return for.—H. N. H.
68. *"content"*; contented state.—C. H. H.
71. *"seventeen"*; Rowe's emendation for *"seaventie"* of the Folios. —I. G.

Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.
Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.
Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.
Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

1. *"weary";* Theobald's emendation for *"merry"* of the Folios, and generally adopted; some scholars are in favor of the Folio reading, and put it down to Rosalind's assumed merriment; her subsequent confession as to her weariness must then be taken as an aside.—I. G.

Touch. Aye, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travelers must be content.

Ros. Aye, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slighest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Of if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

30. *"As"*; though.—C. H. H.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

45. *"searching";* probing.—C. H. H.

55. *"from whom," i. e.* from the peascod; similarly *"her"* in the next line: he was wooing the peascod instead of his mistress.—I. G.

56. *"with weeping tears";* tears of weeping, a tautological phrase, used seriously by Lodge in the *Rosalynd,* but not peculiar to him.—C. H. H.

Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool: he 's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Touch. Your betters, sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.
Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succor.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

85. *"fleeces"*; flocks.—C. H. H.

Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

Song.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

99. *"have to pay";* have wherewith to pay.—C. H. H.
101. *"waste";* spend.—C. H. H.
3. *"turn,"* so the Folios: Pope substituted *"tune,"* but the change is unnecessary; according to Steevens *"to turn a tune or note"* is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians.—I. G.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I 'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I 'll end the song. Sirs, cover the

19. *"stanzo";* this form (as well, apparently, as *stanze, Love's Labor's Lost,* iv. 2. 113) was in occasional use for the still exotic and unfamiliar *stanza.*—C. H. H.

21. *"owe me nothing";* this has the appearance of being a legal phrase, and Mr. Caldecott says it refers to the words *nomina facere,* in the Roman law. In the *Pandects, nomina facere* means to enter an account, because not only the sums, but the names of the parties are entered. Cicero uses *nomina facere* for to lend money, and *nomen solvere* for to pay a debt; and in *Livy* we have *nomen transcribere in alium* for to transfer a debt to another.—H. N. H.

while; the Duke will drink under this tree.
He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I 'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I 'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

34. *"look"*; look for.—C. H. H.

Ami. What 's that 'ducdame'? 60

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I 'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I 'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I 'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene VI

The forest.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it

63. *"I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt."* According to Johnson *"the first-born of Egypt"* was a proverbial expression for high-born persons, but it has not been found elsewhere. Nares suggests that perhaps Jaques is only intended to say that, if he cannot sleep, he will, like other discontented persons, rail against his betters. There is no doubt some subtler meaning in the words, and the following is possibly worthy of consideration:— Jaques says if he cannot sleep he'll rail again all first-borns, for it is the question of birthright which has caused him "leave his wealth and ease," merely as he had previously put it "to please a stubborn will"; this idea has perhaps suggested Pharaoh's stubbornness, and by some such association "all first-borns" became "all the first-born of Egypt"; or, by mere association, the meaningless tag *"of Egypt"* is added by Jaques to round off the phrase, and to give it some sort of color.—I. G.

or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I 'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

The forest.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

10. *"comfortable";* of good cheer.—C. H. H.

15. *"well said";* a phrase of the time, meaning the same as our *well done!*—H. N. H.

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!
Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

19. Touchstone of course alludes to the common saying "Fortune favours fools," *cp. Every Man out of His Humour,* I. i.:

> *Sogliardo.* "Why, who am I, sir?
> *Macilente.* One of those that fortune favours.
> *Carlo.* [*Aside*] The periphrasis of a fool."—I. G.

And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

34, 36. *"A worthy fool" . . . "O worthy fool":* the *"A"* and *"O"* should probably change places, according to an anonymous conjecture noted in the Cambridge Edition.—I. G.

39. *"dry";* slow, dull. In Elizabethan physiology intellect was conceived as a kind of moisture in the brain; a "dry jest" was a dull one. A trace of this survives in our "humour."—C. H. H.

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

55. *"Not to seem"*; the words *"not to"* were first added by Theobald: the Folios read *"seem"*; Collier, following his MS. corrections, proposed *"but to seem"*; the meaning is the same in both cases. Mr. Furness follows Ingleby in maintaining the correctness of the text, and paraphrases thus:—"He who is hit the hardest by me must laugh the hardest, and that he must do so is plain; because if he is a wise man he must seem foolishly senseless of the bob by laughing it off. Unless he does this, viz., shows his insensibility by laughing it off, any chance hit of the fool will expose every nerve and fibre of his folly."—I. G.

As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot has caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

73. *"the weary very means,"* the reading of the Folios (Folios 1 and 2, *"wearie"*; Folios 3, 4, *"weary"*). Pope proposed *"very very"*; Collier (MS.) *"the very means of wear"*; Staunton, *"weary-very,"* or *"very-weary."* Others maintain the correctness of the original reading, and explain, "until that its very means, being weary or exhausted, do ebb." A very plausible emendation was suggested by Singer, viz., *"wearer's"* for *"weary,"* and it has rightly been adopted by several editors: *cp. Henry VIII,* I. i. 83–5:—

> *"O, many*
> *Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em*
> *For this great journey."*—I. G.

Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of? 90
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear; I say:

87. *"Unclaimed of any man";* Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour* was first acted in 1599, and probably written before *As You Like It.* The character of Asper, wherein the author clearly personates himself, is in some respects quite similar to that of Jaques; insomuch that a writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare* thinks the latter to have been meant partly as a satire upon the former. Asper's satire is perfectly scorching, his avowed purpose being to "strip the ragged follies of the time naked as at their birth"; and the Induction has some lines bearing so strong a resemblance to this speech of Jaques', as might well suggest that the Poet had them in his mind:

"If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls
As lick up every idle vanity."—H. N. H.

Orl. "Forbear, and eat no more!"

As You Like It. Act 2, Scene 7.

He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,

And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,

139. *"Wherein we play in";* pleonasms of this kind were by no means uncommon in the writers of Shakespeare's age. Thus Baret: "I was afearde *to* what end his talke would come *to.*" In *Coriolanus,* Act ii. sc. 1: *"In* what enormity is Marcius poor *in?"* And in *Romeo and Juliet,* Act i. Chorus: "That fair *for* which love groan'd *for.*" And a little before in this scene: *"Of* what kind should this cock come *of?"*—H. N. H.

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,

143. *"seven ages";* in the old play of *Damon and Pythias* we have, —"Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage, whereon many play their parts." In *The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times,* 1613, is a division of the life of man into *seven ages,* said to be taken from Proclus: and it appears from Browne's *Vulgar Errors,* that Hippocrates also divided man's life into seven degrees or stages, though he differs from *Proclus* in the number of years allotted to each stage. Dr. Henley mentions an old emblematical print, entitled *The Stage of Man's Life* divided into Seven Ages, from which he thinks Shakespeare more likely to have taken his hint than from Hippocrates or Proclus; but he does not tell us that this print was of Shakespeare's age. The Poet has again referred to it in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play his part."—H. N. H.

144. *"Mewling";* squalling.—C. H. H.

148. *"ballad";* lyric (in general, including the sonnet, then the fashionable form of love-lay).—C. H. H.

With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;

163. *"his"*; its.—C. H. H.
165. *"mere"* · complete.—C. H. H.

Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,

178. *"because thou art not seen," i. e.* "as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence" (Johnson): several unnecessary emendations have been proposed, *e. g. "Thou causest not that teen"* (Hanmer); *"Because thou art foreseen"* (Staunton), &c.—I. G.

189. *"As friend remember'd not," i. e.* "as forgotten friendship," or "as what an unremembered friend feels": *cp. "benefits forgot," supra.*—I. G.

Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.
Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.
Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature

6. *"Seek him with candle";* a reference to the parable of the lost piece of silver.—C. H. H.

Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The forest.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I 'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.
[*Exit.*

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect

that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never

32. *"of good breeding";* of the want of good breeding.—C. H. H.

40. *"all on one side";* merely completes the description of the ill-roasted egg. "Shakespeare's similes," says Malone, "seldom run on four feet." "Similes seldom do, and Shakespeare sometimes exhibits the inadequacy of an image by the vividness with which he sees it" (J. C. Smith).—C. H. H.

sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worm's-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

55. *"Instance"*; give your reason.—C. H. H.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I 'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I 'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I 'll graff it with you, and then I shall

124. *"the very false gallop," cp.* Nashe's *Four Letters Confuted,* "I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses, but that if I should retort his rime dogrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run hobling like a Brewer's Cart upon the stones, and observe no length in their feet."—I. G.

graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*reads*]

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalina write,
Teaching all that read to know

131. *"earliest fruit in the country";* upon this passage Steevens remarks,—"Shakespeare seems to have had little knowledge in gardening: the medlar is one of the latest fruits, being uneatable till the end of November." True, O George! and Shakespeare most manifestly knew it. Do not the words,—*"Then* it will be the earliest fruit,"—clearly infer that it is not so *now?* Moreover, though the *latest* of fruits to *ripen,* is it not one of the *earliest* to *rot?* and does not Rosalind mean that when the tree is graffed with Touchstone, its fruit will rot earlier than ever?—H. N. H.

The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people'!

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with script and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too;

153. *"in little"*; in miniature.—C. H. H.
156. *"wide-enlarged"*; dispersed through the world.—C. H. H.
168. *"pulpiter"*; Spedding's suggestion for *"Jupiter"* of the Folios. —I. G.

for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Aye, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

179. *"some of them had in them more feet,"* etc. It is Rosalind's cue to be captious; but her criticism may be explained (though not justified) by the interchange of iambic and trochaic rhythm.—C. H. H.

201. *"and so encounter";* in Holland's translation of Pliny, Shakespeare found that "two *hills* removed by an earthquake encountered together, charging as it were and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise."—H. N. H.

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say aye and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

255. *"propositions"*; questions.—C. H. H.

259. *"Jove's tree"*; the oak was anciently sacred to Zeus or Jupiter. —C. H. H.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God buy you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

270. *"to kill my heart";* a quibble between *hart* and *heart,* then spelled the same.—H. N. H.

275. *"bring me out";* put me out.—C. H. H.

Jaq. What stature is she of?
Orl. Just as high as my heart.
Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?
Orl. Not so; but I answer you right, painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions?
Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery?
Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.
Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.
Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.
Jaq. By my troth. I was seeking for a fool when I found you.
Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.
Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.
Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.
Jaq. I 'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.
Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*
Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play

298. *"out of rings"; i. e.* out of the mottoes or "posies" of rings.—C. H. H.

the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there 's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I 'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister: here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

374. *"inland man";* that is, civilized. See Act ii. sc. 7.—H. N. H.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in

405. *"a blue eye";* that is, a blueness about the eyes, an evidence of anxiety and dejection.—H. N. H.

your accouterments, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, in-

constant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I 'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

455. *"living," i. e.* lasting, permanent; the antithesis seems to require *"loving,"* which has been substituted by some editors: it is noteworthy that in some half-dozen instances in Shakespeare *"live"* has been printed for "love," but it is questionable whether any change is justifiable here.—I. G.

Scene III

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to

1. *"Audrey"* is a corruption of *Etheldreda.* The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars.—H. N. H.

5, 6. *"your features! . . . what features?"* Farmer's conjecture, *"feature! . . . what's feature"* seems singularly plausible; *cp.* l. 18, *"I do not know what 'poetical' is."*—I. G.

10. *"ill-inhabited";* ill-lodged.—C. H. H.

poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

33. A *"material fool"* is a fool with matter in him.—H. N. H.

40. *"I am foul";* honest Audrey uses *foul* as opposed to *fair;* that is, for *plain, homely.* She had good authority for doing so. Thus, in Thomas' *History of Italy:* "If the maiden be *fair,* she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be *foul,* they advance her with a better portion."—H. N. H.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns?—even so:—poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defense is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir. Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed: I 'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-

call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

85. *"her,"* so Folios 1, 2; *"his,"* Folios 3, 4: the female bird was the falcon; the male was called "tercel" or "tassel."—I. G.

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

Scene IV

The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

Cel. An excellent color: your chestnut was ever the only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses

108. *"wind"*; turn.—C. H. H.

not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one

side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.
Cel. Well, and what of him?
Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I 'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,

48. *"noble goose";* Hanmer substituted *"nose-quilled"* for *"noble,"* which is, of course, used ironically.—I. G.

Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,

6. *"But first begs"*; without first begging.—C. H. H.

7. *"dies and lives," i. e.* "lives and dies," *i. e.* "subsists from the cradle to the grave"; the inversion of the words seems to have been an old idiom; *cp. Romaunt of the Rose,* v. 5,790:—

"With sorwe they both die and live,
That unto Richesse her hertis yive."

Other passages in later literature might be adduced where the exigencies of meter do not exist.—I. G.

The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

40. *"proud and pitiless";* the commentators have made much ado over this innocent passage, all of which only goes to show that they did not understand it. Some would strike out *no* before *beauty,* others would change it into *mo,* or *more:* whereas the peculiar force of the passage is, that Rosalind, wishing to humble Phebe, takes for granted that she is herself aware she has no beauty, and is therefore proud, even because she has none. Rosalind knows that to tell her she ought not to be proud because she has beauty, would but make her prouder; she therefore tells her she ought not to be proud be-

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman; 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favor'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.

cause she lacks it. Need we add, that the best way to take down people's pride often is, to assume that they cannot be so big fools as to think they have anything to be proud of?—H. N. H.

43. *"sale-work";* ready-made goods.—C. H. H.

46. Dark hair and brows were disparaged at the court of the auburn-haired queen.—C. H. H.

48. *"to your worship";* to adore you.—C. H. H.

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she 'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

62. *"being foul to be a scoffer";* that is, the ugly seem most ugly, when, as if proud of their ugliness, they set up for scoffers.—H. N. H.

66. *"in love with your foulness";* the first clause of this sentence is addressed to Phebe; the other to the rest of the company. *Your* is commonly changed to *her;* whereas the very strength of the speech lies in its being spoken *to* the person herself.—H. N. H.

83. *"who ever loved,"* etc.; this line is from the first Sestiad of

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—
Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.
Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighborly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetousness,
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I 'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,

Marlowe's version of *Hero and Leander,* which was not printed till 1598, though the author was killed in 1593. The poem was deservedly popular, and the words "dead shepherd" look as though Shakespeare remembered him with affection. The passage runs as follows:

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul'd by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win:
And one especially we do affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows: let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"—H. N. H.

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he 's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He 'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair
black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I 'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

The forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in

which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveler! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveler: look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swom in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

41. *"swom in a gondola";* that is, been at Venice, then the resort of all travelers, as Paris now. Shakespeare's contemporaries also point their shafts at the corruption of our youth by travel. Bishop Hall wrote his little book *Quo Vadis?* to stem the fashion.—H. N. H.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I 'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Aye, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What 's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortunes and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and

when you were graveled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair

92. *"ranker"*; greater. If she did not discomfit Orlando, her wit must be less than her virtue.—C. H. H.

101. "by attorney"; by proxy.—C. H. H.

year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Aye, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Aye, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day', without the 'ever'. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dis-

150. *"there's a girl goes before the priest";* that is, goes faster than the priest, gets ahead of him in the service; alluding to her anticipating what was to be said first by Celia.—H. N. H.

166. *"like Diana in the fountain."* Stowe mentions in his *Survey of London* (1603) that there was set up in 1596 on the east side of

posed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that.

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

the cross in Cheapside "a curiously wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast." It is very doubtful whether Shakespeare is referring to this particular "Diana," as some have supposed.—I. G.

186. *"without her answer";* this bit of satire is also to be found in Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale,* where Proserpine says of women on like occasion:

"For lacke of answere none of us shall dien."—H. N. H.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Aye, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Aye, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and

214. *"religion"*; strict observance.—C. H. H.

219. *"misused"*; abused.—C. H. H.

Jaq. "Which is he that killed the deer?"

First Lord. "Sir, it was I."

As You Like It. Act 4, Scene 2.

hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my preety little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I 'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I 'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I 'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The forest.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a

branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home:
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

6. *"branch";* a quibble, the term being also applied to the stag's antlers.—C. H. H.

13. The words *"Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burden,"* are printed as one line in the Folios. Theobald was the first to re-arrange, as in the text. Knight, Collier, Dyce, and others take the whole to be a stage-direction. Knight first called attention to the fact that possibly the original music for this song is to be found in John Hilton's *"Catch that Catch Can; or, a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds,"* &c., 1652 (printed Furness, p. 230, 231).—I. G.

Scene III

The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,

2. *"much Orlando"; much* is used ironically; as we still say,—"A good deal you will,"—meaning, of course, "No, you won't."—H. N. H.

This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents.
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-color'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that 's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*reads*]
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.
If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chide me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I 'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover,

54. *"aspect"*; appearance. An astrological term.—C. H. H.
60. *"youth and kind"*; youthful nature.—C. H. H.

hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother'. Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

78. *"fair ones";* Mr. Wright suggests that perhaps we should read "fair *one,*" and Mr. Furness assents to the view that "Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that Celia was apparently the only woman present." But surely it is noteworthy that Oliver a few lines lower down gives the description:—*"The boy is fair,"* &c.—I. G.

90. *"like a ripe sister: the woman low";* the pause at the woman low cæsura takes the place of a syllable.—I. G.

He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

104. *"chewing the food,"* usually quoted as "chewing the cud," a correction of the line first suggested by Scott (*cp.* Introduction to *Quentin Durward*).—I. G.

107. *"an oak."* Pope's almost certain correction for *an old Oake* (Ff.), which renders the next line otiose.—C. H. H.

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,

122. *"To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead";* the bringing lions, serpents, palm-trees, rustic shepherds, and banished noblemen together in the forest of Arden, is a strange piece of geographical licence, which the critics of course have not failed to grow big withal. Perhaps they did not see that the very grossness of the thing proves it to have been designed. By this irregular combination of actual things he informs the whole with deal effect, giving to this charming issue of his brain "a local habitation and a name," that it may link in with our flesh-and-blood sympathies, and at the same time turning it into a wild, wonderful, remote, fairy-land region, where all sorts of poetical things may take place without the slightest difficulty. Of course Shakespeare would not have done thus, but that he saw quite through the grand critical humbug, which makes the proper effect of a work of art depend upon our belief in the actual occurrence of the thing represented.—H. N. H.

134. *"his just occasion";* his legitimate opportunity of revenge.—C. H. H.

Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was't you he rescued?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in faintings, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
[*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We 'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!
Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.
Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.
Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.
Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.
Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?
[*Exeunt.*

179. *"a passion of earnest"*; unfeigned emotion.—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Aye, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter William.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.
Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?
Will. William, sir.
Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?
Will. Aye, sir, I thank God.
Touch. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?
Will. Faith, sir, so so.
Touch. 'So so' is good, very good very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?
Will. Aye, sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?
Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?
Will. No, sir.
Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.
Will. Which he, sir?
Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman.

Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

Scene II

The forest.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, woo-

64. *"policy"*; stratagem.—C. H. H.

ing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

4. *"will you persever,"* etc.; Shakespeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the improbability in his plot. In Lodge's novel the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians; without this circumstance the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed. —H. N. H.

22. *"fair sister";* Oliver addresses "Ganymede" thus for he is Orlando's counterfeit Rosalind (*cp.* IV. iii. 95). Some interpreters of Shakespeare are of opinion that Oliver knows the whole secret of the situation.—I. G.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Aye, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness, through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore,

81. *"which I tender dearly";* probably an allusion to the Act "against Conjuracons, Inchantments, and Witchecraftes," passed under Elizabeth, which enacted that all persons using witchcraft, &c., whereby death ensued, should be put to death without benefit of clergy, &c.—I. G.

82. *"I am a magician";* she alludes to the danger in which her avowal of practicing magic, had it been a serious one, would have involved her. The Poet refers to his own times, when it would have brought her life in danger.—H. N. H.

put you in your best array; bid your friends;
for if you will be married to-morrow, you
shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover
of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to
love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy.
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.
Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'
Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.
Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I 'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands.
Sil. I 'll not fail if I live.
Phe. Nor I.
Orl. Nor I.

113. *"to love you";* for loving you.—C. H. H.
119. *"Who do you speak to";* Rowe's emendation for the folio reading "Why do you speak too."—C. H. H.
123. Wolves were still found in Ireland. In England they had become extinct in the previous century.—C. H. H.

Scene III

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it will all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

Song

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

17. Chappell printed the music of the song from a MS., now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century (*cp.* Furness, pp. 262, 263). In the Folios the last stanza is made the second. Mr. Roffe is of opinion that Shakespeare contemplated a trio between the Pages and Touchstone.—I. G.

That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time.
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye.
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her.
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Ros. You say, you' ll marry me, if I be willing?
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

4. *"As those that fear they hope, and know they fear."* A large number of unnecessary emendations have been proposed for this plausible reading of the Folios; *e. g. "fear, they hope, and know they fear"; "fear their hope and hope their fear"; "fear their hope and know their fear,"* &c. The last of these gives the meaning of the line as it stands in the text.—I. G.

Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*
Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.
Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.
Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

34. *"Obscured";* hidden; with a suggestion of the charmed "circle" within which the magician remained invisible.—C. H. H.

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

68. *"a fool's bolt";* there was an old proverb,—"A fool's bolt is soon shot." See *Much Ado about Nothing,* Act i. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

72. *"Upon a lie seven times removed"; i. e.* on the ground of a mild and conciliatory contradiction (the *Retort Courteous*), separated by seven grades from the flat contradiction of Lie Direct.—C. H. H.

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Counter-check Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he 's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

98. *"we quarrel in print, by the book";* Shakespeare probably refers to *"Vincentio Saviolo his Practise. In Two Bookes. The first intreating the use of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of Honor and honorable Quarrels";* printed in 1594.—I. G.

99. *"books for good manners," e. g. "A lytle Booke of Good Maners for Chyldren with interpritation into the vulgare Englysshe tongue by R. Whittinton, Poet Laureat";* printed at London in 1554; (*cp.* Dr. Furnivall's *Book of Norture of John Russell,* &c., published by the *Early English Text Society,* 1868). *Cp. Hamlet,* V. ii. 115, *"he* (*i. e. Laertes*) *is the card or calendar of gentry,"* a probable allusion to the title of some such "book of manners."—I. G.

117. *"stalking-horse";* a real or artificial horse used by sportsmen as a cover when approaching game.—C. H. H.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.
Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours,
To you I give myself, for I am yours.
Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!
Ros. I 'll have no father, if you be not he:
I 'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.
Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

120. Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.—H. N. H.

126. *"her hand with his";* the first and second Folios, *"his hand";* corrected to *"her"* in the second and third Folios.—I. G.

You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two;

160. *"even daughter, welcome";* Theobald proposed *"daughter-welcome," i. e. "welcome as a daughter."* Folios 1, 2, 3, read *"daughter welcome";* Folio 4, *"daughter, welcome."* The sense is clear whichever reading is adopted, though the rhythm seems in favor of the reading in the text: "O my dear niece," says the Duke, "nay, daughter, welcome to me in no less degree than daughter."—I. G.

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again

164. *"second son of old Sir Rowland";* in the old copies this Jaques is introduced as the *Second Brother,* in accordance with what he here says of himself. Though the third brother brought into the play, he is the second in order of birth. His name is given in the first scene, and he is spoken of as being then "at school." Which might seem to make Orlando too young to have smashed up the great wrestler; but, as Mr. Verplanck observes, *school* was then a common term for any place of study or institution of learning, whether academical or professional. In Lodge's novel *Fernandine* is represented as "a *scholar* in Paris." He, also, is the second of three brothers, and, like Jaques de Bois, arrives quite at the end of the story.—H. N. H.

172. *"an old religious man";* in Lodge's novel the usurper is not turned from his purpose by any such pious counsels, but conquered and killed by the twelve peers of France, who undertake the cause of Gerismond, their rightful king. Here is a part of Fernandine's speech: "For know, Gerismond, that hard by at the edge of this forest the twelve peers of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, troop'd with a crew of desperate runagates, is ready to bid them battle. The armies are ready to join: therefore show thyself in the field to encourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you, and show yourselves as hardy soldiers as you have been hearty lovers: so shall you for the benefit of your country discover the idea of your father's virtues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honourable a parent."—H. N. H.

That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honor I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

181. *"the other";* Orlando.—C. H. H.
185. *"every";* every one.—C. H. H.

[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:

[*To Oli.*]. You to your land, and love, and great allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I 'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.
[*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*

208. *"To see no pastime I";* the reader feels some regret to take his leave of Jaques in this manner; and no less concern at not meeting with the faithful old Adam at the close. It is the more remarkable that Shakespeare should have forgotten him, because Lodge, in his novel, makes him captain of the king's guard.—H. N. H.

EPILOGUE

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I 'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and,

20. *"If I were a woman";* the part of Rosalind was of course originally taken by a boy-actor: women's parts were not taken by women till after the Restoration.—I. G.

I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abused, deceived; III. v. 80.
Accord, consent; V. iv. 145.
Address'd, prepared; V. iv. 168.
All at once, all in a breath; III. v. 36.
Allottery, allotment, allotted share; I. i. 80.
All Points = at all points; I. iii. 127.
Amaze, confuse; I. ii. 121.
An, if; IV. i. 34.
Anatomize, expose; I. i. 174.
Answered, satisfied; II. vii. 99.
Antique, ancient, old; II. i. 31; II. iii. 57.
Any, any one; I. ii. 157.
Argument, reason; I. ii. 308.
Arm's end, arm's length; II. vi. 11.
As, to wit, namely; II. i. 6.
Assay'd, attempted; I. iii. 140.
Atalanta's better part; variously interpreted as referring to Atalanta's "swiftness," "beauty," "spiritual part"; probably the reference is to her beautiful form; III. ii. 160.
Atomies, motes in a sunbeam; III. ii. 254.
Atone together, are at one; V. iv. 122.

Bandy, contend; V. i. 63.
Banquet, dessert, including wine; II. v. 65.
Bar, forbid; V. iv. 137; "bars me," *i. e.* excludes me from; I. i. 22.
Batlet = little bat, used by laundresses; II. iv. 52.
Beholding, beholden; IV. i. 66.
Bestows himself, carries himself; IV. iii. 89.
Better, greater; III. i. 2.
Blood, affection; II. iii. 37; passion; V. iv. 59.
Bob, rap, slap; II. vii. 55.
Bonnet, hat; III. ii. 411.
Bottom, "neighbor b.," the neighboring dell; IV. iii. 81.
Bounds, boundaries, range of pasture; II. iv. 90.
Bow, yoke; III. iii. 84.
Bravery, finery; II. vii. 80.
Breathed; "well breathed," in full display of my strength; I. ii. 242.
Breather, living being; III. ii. 306.
Breed, train up, educate; I. i. 4.
Brief, in brief; IV. iii. 157.
Broke, broken; II. iv. 41.
Broken music; "Some instruments such as viols, violins, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which, when played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the

result is no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music'" (Chappell); I. ii. 158.

BRUTISH, animal nature; II. vii. 66.

BUCKLES IN, surrounds; III. ii. 145.

BUGLE, a tube-shaped bead of black glass; III. v. 47.

BURDEN; the "burden" of a song was the base, foot, or undersong; III. ii. 271.

BUTCHERY, slaughter-house; II. iii. 27.

CALLING, appellation; I. ii. 258.

CAPABLE, sensible, receivable; III. v. 23.

CAPON LINED, alluding to the customary gifts expected by Elizabethan magistrates, "capon justices," as they were occasionally called; II. vii. 154.

CAPRICIOUS, used with a play upon its original sense; Ital. *capriccioso,* fantastical, goatish; *capra,* a goat; III. iii. 8.

CARLOT, little churl, rustic; III. v. 108.

CAST, cast off; III. iv. 15.

CENSURE, criticism; IV. i. 7.

CHANGE, reversal of fortune; I. iii. 112.

CHANTICLEER, the cock; II. vii. 30.

CHARACTER, write; III. ii. 6.

CHEERLY, cheerily; II. vi. 15.

CHOPT, chapped; II. iv. 53.

CHRONICLERS (Folio 1 "chronoclers") perhaps used for the "jurymen," but the spelling of Folio 1 suggests "coroners" for "chroniclers"; IV. i. 113.

CHURLISH, miserly; II. iv. 87.

CICATRICE, a mere mark (not the scar of a wound); III. iv. 23.

CITY-WOMAN, citizen's wife; II. vii. 75.

CIVIL; "c. sayings," sober, grave maxims, perhaps "polite"; III. ii. 141.

CIVILITY, politeness; II. vii. 96.

CLAP INTO 'T, to begin a song briskly; V. iii. 11.

CLUBS, the weapon used by the London prentices, for the preservation of the public peace, or for the purposes of riot; V. ii. 47.

CODS, strictly the husks containing the peas; perhaps here used for "peas"; II. iv. 55.

COLOR, nature, kind; I. ii. 113–14.

COMBINE, bind; V. iv. 162.

COME OFF, get off; I. ii. 34.

COMFORT, take comfort; II. vi. 5.

COMMANDMENT, command; II. vii. 109.

COMPACT, made up, composed; II. vii. 5.

COMPLEXION; "good my c.," perhaps little more than the similar exclamation "goodness me!" or "good heart!" possibly, however, Rosalind appeals to her complexion not to betray her; III. ii. 209.

CONCEIT, imagination; II. vi. 8; mental capacity; V. ii. 62.

CONDITION, mood; I. ii. 293.

CONDUCT, leadership; V. iv. 169.

CONNED, learnt by heart; III. ii. 298.

CONSTANT, accustomed, ordinary; III. v. 123.

CONTENTS; "if truth holds true c." *i. e.* "if there be truth in truth"; V. iv. 142.

CONTRIVER, plotter; I. i. 161.

CONVERSED, associated; V. ii. 70.

CONVERTITES, converts; V. iv. 197.

CONY, rabbit; III. ii. 368.

Cope, engage with; II. i. 67.
Copulatives, those desiring to be united in marriage; V. iv. 58.
Cote; *"cavenne de bergier;* a shepherd's cote; a little cottage or cabin made of turfs, straw, boughs, or leaves" (*Cotgrave*); II. iv. 90.
Could, would gladly; I. ii. 274.
Countenance; "his countenance" probably = "his entertainment of me, the style of living which he allows me"; I. i. 20.
Counter, worthless wager; originally pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning; II. vii. 63.
Courtship, court life; III. ii. 375.
Cousin, niece; I. iii. 48.
Cover, set the table; II. v. 32.
Cross, used equivocally in the sense of (1) misfortune, and (2) money; the ancient penny had a double cross with a crest stamped on, so that it might easily be broken into four pieces; II. iv. 13.
Crow, laugh heartily; II. vii. 30.
Courtle-axe, a short sword; I. iii. 128.

Damnable, worthy of condemnation; V. ii. 72.
Defied, disliked; Epil. 23.
Desperate, bold, daring, forbidden; V. iv. 32.
Device, aims, ambitions; I. i. 187.
Dial, an instrument for measuring time in which the hours were marked; a small portable sun-dial; II. vii. 20.
Disable, undervalue; IV. i. 37.
Disabled, disparaged; V. iv. 82.
Dishonest, immodest; V. iii. 4.
Dislike = express dislike of; V. iv. 74.
Disputable, fond of disputing; II. v. 36.
Diverted, diverted from its natural course; II. iii. 37.
Dog-apes, baboons; II. v. 27.
Dole, grief; I. ii. 146.
Ducdame, burden of Jaques' song, variously interpreted by editors, *e. g. "duc ad me," "huc ad me,"* probably, however, the word is an ancient refrain, of Celtic origin; Halliwell notes that *dus-adam-me-me* occurs in a MS. of *Piers Plowman,* where ordinary texts read *How, trolly, lolly* (C. ix. 123); it is probably a survival of some old British game like *"Tom Tidler,"* and is said to mean in Gælic "this land is mine"; according to others it is a Welsh phrase equivalent to "come to me." Judging by all the evidence on the subject the Gælic interpretation seems to be most plausible; *n. b.* l. 61, "to call fools into a circle"; II. v. 56.
Dulcet diseases, [? an error for "dulcet discourses"] perhaps "sweet mortifications," alluding to such proverbial sayings as "fool's bolt is soon shot," &c.; V. iv. 69.

East, eastern; III. ii. 98.
Eat, eaten; II. vii. 88.
Effigies, likeness; II. vii. 193.
Enchantingly, as if under a spell; I. i. 187.
Engage, pledge; V. iv. 178.
Entame, bring into a state of tameness; III. v. 48.
Entreated, persuaded; I. ii. 167.
Erring, wandering; III. ii. 143.
Estate, bequeath, settle; V. ii. 14.

ETHIOPE, black as an Ethiopian; IV. iii. 36.
EXEMPT, remote; II. i. 15.
EXPEDIENTLY, expeditiously; III. i. 18.
EXTENT, seizure; III. i. 17.
EXTERMINED, exterminated; III. v. 89.

FAIR, beauty; III. ii. 105.
FALLS, lets fall; III. v. 5.
FANCY, love; III. v. 29.
FANCY-MONGER, love-monger; III. ii. 394.
FANTASY, fancy; II. iv. 32.
FAVOR, aspect; IV. iii. 89; countenance; V. iv. 27.
FEATURE, shape, form; used perhaps equivocally, but with what particular force is not known; "feature" may have been used occasionally in the sense of "verse-making" (*cp.* Note); III. iii. 4.
FEED, pasturage; II. iv. 90.
FEEDER, servant (*"factor"* and *"fedary"* have been suggested); II. iv. 106.
FEELINGLY, by making itself felt; II. i. 11.
FELLS, woolly skins; III. ii. 57.
FLEET, make to fly; I. i. 130.
FLOUT, mock at, jeer at; I. ii. 52.
FOND, foolish; II. iii. 7.
FOR, for want of; II. iv. 81; II. vi. 2; because; III. ii. 139; as regards; IV. iii. 144.
FORKED HEADS, *i. e.* "fork-heads," which Ascham describes in his *Toxophilus* as being "arrows having two points stretching forward"; II. i. 24.
FORMAL, having due regard to dignity; II. vii. 155.
FREE, not guilty; II. vii. 85.
FREESTONE-COLOR'D, dark colored, of the color of Bath-brick; IV. iii. 26.
FURNISHED, apparelled; Epilogue 10.

GARGANTUA'S MOUTH; alluding to "the large-throated" giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims, with their pilgrims' staves, in a salad; though there was no English translation of Rabelais in Shakespeare's time, yet several chap-book histories of Gargantua were published; III. ii. 246.
GENTILITY, gentleness of birth; I. i. 24.
GESTURE, bearing; V. ii. 73.
GLANCES, hits; II. vii. 57.
GOD BUY YOU = "God be with you"; hence, "good-bye"; III. ii. 282.
GOD 'ILD YOU = "God yield (reward) you"; III. iii. 80.
GOD YE GOOD EVEN = God give you good even (often represented by some such form as "God-gigoden"); V. i. 16.
GOLDEN WORLD, golden age; I. i. 131.
"GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH"; alluding to the bush of ivy which was usually hung out at Vintners' doors; Epil. 3.
GOTHS (evidently pronounced very much like "goats," hence Touchstone's joke); the Getæ (or Goths) among whom Ovid lived in banishment; III. iii. 9.
GRACE, gain honor; I. i. 166.
GRACE ME, get me credit, good repute; V. ii. 68.
GRACIOUS, looked upon with favor; I. ii. 210.

Graff, graft; III. ii. 130.
Gravelled, stranded, at a stand-still; IV. i. 80.

Harm, misfortunes; III. ii. 83.
Have with you, come along; I. ii. 285.
Having, possession; III. ii. 409.
He = man; III. ii. 430.
Headed, grown to a head; II. vii. 67.
Heart, affection, love; I. i. 189.
Here much, used ironically, in a negative sense, as in the modern phrase "much I care!"; IV. iii. 2.
Him = he whom; I. i. 47.
Hinds, serfs, servants; I. i. 22.
Holla; "cry holla to"; restrain; III. ii. 267.
Holy, sacramental; III. iv. 14.
Honest, virtuous; I. ii. 44, 45.
Hooping, "out of all hooping," beyond the bounds of wondering; III. ii. 208.
Humorous, full of whims, capricious; I. ii. 295; II. iii. 8; fanciful; IV. i. 22.
Hurtling, din, tumult; IV. iii. 136.
Hyen, hyena; IV. i. 168.

Ill-favored, ugly in face, bad looking; V. iv. 60.
Ill-favoredly, ugly; I. ii. 45.
Impressure, impression; III. v. 23.
Incision; "God make in." *i. e.* "give thee a better understanding"; a reference perhaps to the cure by blood-letting; it was said of a very silly person that he ought to be cut for the simples; III. ii. 78.
Incontinent, immediately; V. ii. 44.
Inquisition, search, inquiry; II. ii. 20.
Insinuate with, ingratiate myself with; Epil. 10.
Insomuch = in as much as; V. ii. 64.
Intendment, intention; I. i. 148.
Invectively, bitterly, with invective; II. i. 58.
Irish rat; Irish witches were said to be able to rime either man or beast to death; berimed rats are frequently alluded to in Elizabethan writers; III. ii. 192.
Irks, grieves; II. i. 22.

Jars, discordant sounds; II. vii. 5.
Judas's; "browner than J."; he was usually represented in ancient painting or tapestry with red hair and beard; III. iv. 8.
Juno's swans, probably an error for Venus, represented as swan-drawn in Ovid (Meta. x. 708); I. iii. 83.
Just, just so; III. ii. 290.
Justly, exactly; I. ii. 270.

Kind, nature; IV. iii. 60.
Kindle, enkindle, incite; I. i. 193.
Kindled, brought forth; used technically for the littering of rabbits; III. ii. 369.
Knoll'd, chimed; II. vii. 114.

Lack, do without; IV. i. 194.
Learn, teach; I. ii. 6.
Leave, permission; I. i. 114; I. ii. 174.
Leer, countenance; IV. i. 73.
Lief, gladly; I. i. 163; III. ii. 279.
Limn'd, drawn; II. vii. 194.
Lined, drawn; III. ii. 102.
Lively = life-like; V. iv. 27.

Loose, let loose; III. v. 103.
Lover, mistress; III. iv. 46.

Make = make fast, shut; IV. i. 174.
Manage, training or breaking in of a horse; I. i. 14.
Mannish, male; I. iii. 132.
Matter, sound sense; II. i. 68; sense, meaning; V. iii. 36.
Measure, a court dance; V. iv. 45.
Meed, reward; II. iii. 58.
Memory, memorial; II. iii. 3.
Might, may; I. ii. 203.
Mines, undermines; I. i. 23.
Misprised, despised, thought nothing of; I. i. 191; I. ii. 201.
Mockable, liable to ridicule; III. ii. 51.
Mocks, mockeries; III. v. 33.
Modern, commonplace, ordinary; II. vii. 156; IV. i. 7.
Moe, more; III. ii. 286.
Moonish, variable, fickle; III. ii. 445.
Moral, probably an adjective, moralizing; II. vii. 29.
Moralize, discourse, expound; II. i. 44.
Mortal, "mortal in folly"; a quibble of doubtful meaning; perhaps = "excessive, very," *i. e.* "extremely foolish" (? = likely to succumb to folly); II. iv. 60.
Motley, the parti-colored dress of domestic fools or jesters; II. vii. 34; (used adjectively); II. vii. 13; fool; III. iii. 83.
Mutton, sheep; III. ii. 59.

Napkin, handkerchief; IV. iii. 96.
Natural, idiot; I. ii. 56.
Nature, "of such a nature," whose special duty it is; III. i. 16.
Nature's sale-work = ready-made goods; III. v. 43.
Naught; "be n. awhile," a proverbial expression equivalent to "a mischief on you"; I. i. 40.
Needless, not needing; II. i. 46.
New-fangled, fond of what is new; IV. i. 164.
Nice, trifling; IV. i. 16.
Nurture, good manners, breeding; II. vii. 97.

Observance, attention; III. ii. 257; reverence, respect; V. ii. 106–108; (the repetition is probably due to the compositor; "endurance," "obedience," "deservance," have been suggested for line 108).
Occasion; "her husband's o." = an opportunity for getting the better of her husband; IV. i. 189.
Of, "searching of" = a-searching of; II. iv. 45; "complain of," *i. e.* of the want of; III. ii. 32; by; III. ii. 372; III. iii. 96.
Offer'st fairly, dost contribute largely; V. iv. 180.
Oliver; "O sweet O." the fragment of an old ballad; III. iii. 104.

Painted cloth, canvas painted with figures, mottoes, or moral sentences, used for hangings for rooms; III. ii. 299.
Pantaloon, a standing character in the old Italian comedy; he wore slippers, spectacles, and a pouch, and invariably represented as an old dotard; taken typically for a Venetian; St. Pantaleon was the patron saint of Venice; II. vii. 158.
Parcels, detail; III. v. 125.

PARD, leopard; II. vii. 150.

PARLOUS, perilous; III. ii. 46.

PASSING, surpassing, exceedingly; III. v. 138.

PATHETICAL, probably "affection-moving," perhaps used with the force of "pitiful"; IV. i. 208.

PAYMENT, punishment; I. i. 179.

PEASCOD, literally the husk or pod which contains the peas, used for the plant itself; "our ancestors were frequently accustomed in their love-affairs to employ the divination of a peascod, and if the good omen of the peas remaining in the husk were preserved, they presented it to the lady of their choice"; II. iv. 54.

PEEVISH, wayward, saucy; III. v. 110.

PERPEND, reflect; III. ii. 72.

PETITIONARY, imploring; III. ii. 204.

PHŒNIX; "as rare as p."; the phœnix, according to Seneca, was born once only in 500 years; IV. iii. 18.

PLACE = dwelling-place; II. iii. 27.

PLACES, topics, subjects; II. viii. 40.

POINT-DEVICE, *i. e.* at point device, trim, faultless; III. ii. 415.

POKE, pocket; II. vii. 20.

POOR; "p. a thousand crowns," the adjective precedes the article for the sake of emphasis, and probably also because of the substantival force of the whole expression "a thousand crowns"; I. i. 3.

PORTUGAL; "bay of P." "still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of P. from Oporto to the headland of Cintra"; IV. i. 228.

PRACTICE, plot, scheme; I. i. 167.

PRACTICES, plots, schemes; II. iii. 26.

PRESENT, being present; III. i. 4.

PRESENTATION, representation; V. iv. 118.

PRESENTLY, immediately; II. vi. 11.

PREVENTS, anticipates; IV. i. 67.

PRIZER, prize-fighter; II. iii. 8.

PRIVATE, particular, individual; II. vii. 7.

PRODIGAL; "what p. portion have I spent," *i. e.* "what portion have I prodigally spent"; I. i. 142.

PROFIT, proficiency; I. i. 7.

PROLOGUES; "the only p.," *i. e.* only the p.; V. iii. 13.

PROPER, handsome; I. ii. 136.

PROPERER, more handsome; III. v. 51.

PUISNY, unskilled, inferior; III. iv. 47.

PULPITER (Spedding's emendation for "Jupiter," the reading of the Folios); III. ii. 168.

PURCHASE, acquire; III. ii. 371.

PURGATION, vindication; I. iii. 61; proof, test; V. iv. 45.

PURLIEUS, the grounds on the borders of the forest; IV. iii. 79.

PYTHAGORAS' TIME, an allusion to that philosopher's doctrine of the transmigration of souls; III. ii. 192.

QUAIL, slacken; II. ii. 20.

QUESTION, conversation; III. iv. 38.

QUINTAIN, a figure set up for tilting at in country games, generally in the likeness of a Turk or Saracen, bearing a

shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club with his right, which moved round and struck a severe blow if the horseman made a bad aim; I. ii. 279.

QUINTESSENCE, the extract from a thing, containing its virtues in a small quantity; originally, in medieval philosophy, the fifth essence, or spirit, or soul of the world, which consisted not of the four elements, but was a certain fifth, a thing above or beside them; III. ii. 152.

QUIP, a smart saying; V. iv. 80.

QUIT, acquit; III. i. 11.

QUOTIDIAN, a fever, the paroxysms of which return every day, expressly mentioned in old writers as a symptom of love; III. ii. 396.

RAGGED, rough, untuneful; II. v. 15.

RANK, row, line; IV. iii. 82; "butter-women's rank" ["rate," "rack," "rant (at)," "canter," have been proposed] = file, order, jog-trot; III. ii. 108.

RANKNESS, presumption; I. i. 96.

RASCAL, technical term for lean deer; III. iii. 61.

RAW, ignorant, inexperienced; III. ii. 79.

REASON, talk, converse; I. ii. 59.

RECKS, cares; II. iv. 88.

RECOUNTMENTS, things recounted, narrations; IV. iii. 147.

RECOVER'D, restored; IV. iii. 157.

RELIGIOUS, belonging to some religious order; III. ii. 373.

REMEMBRANCE, memory; I. i. 70.

REMORSE, compassion; I. iii. 78.

REMOVED, remote; III. ii. 371.

RENDER, describe; IV. iii. 126.

RESOLVE, solve; III. ii. 254.

REVERENCE; "his reverence," the respect due to him; I. i. 56.

RIGHT, downright; III. ii. 108; true; III. ii. 133.

RIPE, grown up; IV. iii. 90.

ROUNDLY, without delay; V. iii. 11.

ROYNISH, rude, uncouth; II. ii. 8.

SAD, serious; III. ii. 161.

SAD BROW, serious face; III. ii. 234.

SAWS, maxims; II. vii. 156.

SCHOOL, (probably) university; I. i. 6.

SCRIP, shepherd's pouch; III. ii. 176.

SEEKS (used instead of the singular); V. i. 70.

SEEMING, seemly; V. iv. 73.

SE'NNIGHT = seven-night, a week; II. ii. 334.

SENTENTIOUS, pithy; V. iv. 67.

SHADOW, shady place; IV. i. 238.

SHALL, must; I. i. 141.

SHE, woman; III. ii. 10.

SHEAF, gather into sheaves; III. ii. 118.

SHOULD BE, came to be, was said to be; III. ii. 187.

SHOULDST = wouldst; I. ii. 252.

SHOW, appear; I. iii. 89.

SHREWD, evil, harsh; V. iv. 186.

SIMPLES, herbs used in medicine; IV. i. 18.

SIR, a title bestowed on the inferior clergy, hence Sir Oliver Mar-text, the country curate; probably a translation of "Dominus," still applied to "Bachelors" at the University; III. iii. 44.

SMIRCH, besmear, darken; I. iii. 122.

Smother; "from the smoke into the s."; thick suffocating smoke; I. ii. 316.

Snake, used as a term of scorn; IV. iii. 72.

So, if, provided that; I. ii. 12.

Sorts, kinds, classes; I. i. 187.

South-sea of discovery, a voyage of discovery over a wide and unknown ocean; the whole phrase is taken by some to mean that a minute's delay will bring so many questions that to answer them all will be like a voyage of discovery. Perhaps the reference is to Rosalind's discovery of her secret, of the truth about herself; III. ii. 212.

Speed, patron; I. ii. 223.

Spleen, passion; IV. i. 233.

Squandering, random; II. vii. 57.

Stagger, hesitate; III. iii. 51.

Stay, wait for; III. ii. 227.

Sticks, strikes, stabs; I. ii. 268.

Still, continually; I. ii. 251.

Still music, *i. e.* soft, low, gentle music; V. iv. 119.

Straight = straightway, immediately; III. v. 136.

Successfully, likely to succeed; I. ii. 170.

Suddenly, quickly, speedily; II. ii. 19.

Suit, used quibblingly, (1) petition, (2) dress; II. vii. 44.

Suits = favors (with a play upon "suit," "livery"); I. ii. 272.

Sun, "to live i' the s." *i. e.* to live in open-air freedom; II. v. 41.

Sure, firmly joined; V. iv. 147.

Swashing, swaggering; I. iii. 131.

Swift, keen of wit; V. iv. 66.

Ta'en up, made up; V. iv. 50.

Taxation, censure, satire; I. ii. 95.

Tempered, composed, blended; I. ii. 16.

Thatched house, alluding to the story of Baucis and Philemon; III. iii. 11.

That that = that which; V. iv. 62.

Thought, melancholy; or perhaps "moody reflection"; IV. i. 232.

Thrasonical, boastful (from Thraso the boaster, in the Eunuchus of Terence); V. ii. 35.

Thrice-crowned Queen, ruling in heaven, earth, and the underworld, as Luna, Diana, and Hecate; III. ii. 2.

Thrifty; "the th. hire I saved," *i. e.* "that which by my thrift I saved out of the hire"; II. iii. 39.

To, as to; II. iii. 7.

Touches, characteristics; III. ii. 165.

Toward, at hand; V. iv. 35.

Toy, bagatelle, trifling affair; III. iii. 81.

Traverse, crossways; III. iv. 45.

Trow you, know you; III. ii. 194.

Turn'd into, brought into; IV. iii. 24.

Umber, brown pigment, brought from Umbria; I. iii. 122.

Uncouth, unknown, strange; II. vi. 6.

Unexpressive, inexpressive, unable to be expressed; III. ii. 10.

Unkind, unnatural; II. vii. 175.

Unquestionable, unwilling to be conversed with; III. ii. 407.

Unto, in addition to; I. ii. 263.

Untuneable (Theobald and other editors "untimeable," *cp.* the page's reply), out of tune, perhaps also "out of time"; V. iii. 37.

Up; "kill them up"; used as an intensive particle; II. i. 62.

Velvet, delicate ("velvet" is the technical term for the outer covering of the horns of a stag in the early stages of its growth); II. i. 50.

Vengeance, mischief; IV. iii. 49.

Villain, bondman, serf; with play upon the other sense; I. i. 61.

Voice, "in my voice," *i. e.* as far as my vote is concerned; II. iv. 94.

Ware, aware; II. iv. 61; cautious; II. iv. 62.

Warp, turn, change the aspect of, twist out of shape; II. vii. 187.

Ways; "come your ways"=come on; I. ii. 231.

Weak evils, evils which cause weakness; II. vii. 132.

Wear, fashion; II. vii. 34.

Wearing, wearying; II. iv. 38.

Week, an indefinite period of time, perhaps="in the week," *cp.* the phrase "too late in the day"; II. iii. 74.

Wherein went he, how was he dressed? III. ii. 241.

Where you are=what you mean; V. ii. 33.

Wit, whither wilt; an exclamation of somewhat obscure meaning, used evidently when anyone was either talking nonsense or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him; IV. i. 179; *cp.* "Wit! whither wander you"; I. ii. 63.

Woeful, expressive of woe; II. vii. 148.

Woman of the world, *i. e.* married; V. iii. 5.

Working, endeavor; I. ii. 225.

Wrath, passion, ardor; V. ii. 46.

Wrestler (trisyllabic); II. ii. 13.

You=for you; II. v. 34.

Young, inexperienced; I. i. 59.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. When was this play probably written?

2. What two sources for this play have been named? Tell the stories of them.

3. Comment on the characteristics and quality of the play.

4. What do the peculiar setting and circumstances reveal of the nature of the persons of the drama? Why?

5. What character, or characters, are most striking?

6. Describe and contrast the characters.

7. Outline the play. What is its general scope and drift?

8. Compare the quality of comedy in this play with other degrees of comedy, and describe the general impression of the play as a whole, distinguishing its peculiar atmosphere.

ACT I

9. Does the bearing of Orlando in the first scene distinctively set forth his character? What constitutes its charm and quality?

10. To which Duke does Charles the Wrestler refer in line 118, scene i?

11. In what lines does Oliver describe his brother? What is Coleridge's comment upon this speech?

12. Describe the setting forth of the characters of Rosalind and Celia in scene ii.

13. Where had Touchstone's anecdote in line 70, scene ii, made a previous appearance?

14. Why was it not disrespect for a Fool to speak as Touchstone does, in line 88, scene ii? Is there a possibility of Touchstone's referring to Rosalind's father instead of to Celia's? What are the critical suggestions with regard to this point?

15. In Lodge's *Rosalynde* what is the reception the king gives the young unknown wrestler, Rosader?

16. How does Celia's spirit compare with her father's?

17. What points in Rosalind's character does she show upon the occasion of the Duke's cruelty to her?

18. What is the dramatic quality of the scene when the two cousins decide to seek the Duke in the forest of Arden?

ACT II

19. What romantic incident in the history of outlawry helped to give a vogue among poets and writers to such situations as that presented in the Forest of Arden?

20. Who voices an idealization of life near to nature by comparison with formal life? Does this spirit prevail in the play?

21. What is the dramatic significance of Old Adam's role? of what is his character a type? does Orlando characterize him?

22. What spirit characterizes the scene of the three travelers' entry into the Forest of Arden?

23. What is the dramatic purpose in the introduction of the love-sick Sylvius in scene iv?

24. Is it possible, judging from general knowledge of the ancient Court Fool, and peculiarly of Touchstone, in this instance, that he is throughout more "ware" of his wisdom than Rosalind suggests his being in line 59, scene iv?

25. What impression does Jaques make at his first introduction?

26. Is there any inconsistency in the adventures of Rosalind and Celia? If so, specify the incidents.

27. Compare the Duke's comments upon Jaques with

the latter's upon him. What inference is to be drawn from such a comparison as to the Duke's appreciation of a character like Jaques? Is the Duke of a type to be in sympathy with a fellow like Jaques?

28. What play of Ben Jonson's has a character somewhat like Jaques? Whom did Jonson personate by it? Are there any evidences that Shakespeare had Jonson himself, or at least passages in his play in mind, in creating Jacques?

29. What striking and much quoted lines are spoken by Jacques in scene vii?

ACT III

30. Comment on Touchstone's reflections on rural life.

31. Point out what is particularly and amusingly feminine and charming in the talk between Celia and Rosalind in scene ii.

32. In addition to its being a diversion to Orlando in his love-sick state, to fall in with the fanciful suggestion of the supposed shepherd boy, is it likely that the fascination of the real Rosalind through the disguise drew him unconsciously?

33. What mythical allusion explains Jacques' "aside"—in line 11, scene iii?

34. What genuine qualities in Touchstone are displayed in scene iii?

35. Point out the dainty touches of realism in scene iv between Rosalind and Celia.

36. Why is the introduction of the scene between Sylvius and Phebe a skillful dramatic effect?

37. What are the distinctions between Audrey and Phebe? Characterize the differences between Phebe and the two friends Rosalind and Celia? Analyze the dramatic means by which these differences are made apparent.

38. How does Phebe betray that she has fallen in love with Rosalind as a shepherd boy?

39. Characterize Phebe's request to Sylvius to take the letter she is to write to Rosalind.

ACT IV

40. Explain Rosalind's parting shaft at Jacques in scene i.

41. Comment on the passage between Orlando and Rosalind in scene i. Characterize its quality. By what means does it reveal an undercurrent of Rosalind's true feeling toward Orlando?

42. What touch does Celia give to the end of scene i?

43. What is the poetical effect of the scene Oliver describes in recounting how Orlando found him?

44. What does Oliver mean with regard to Orlando's deed to him in line 130?

45. Does Oliver penetrate Rosalind's disguise when she faints?

ACT V

46. What is the dramatic purpose of William's introduction?

47. What principle of Shakespeare's process of romance is exhibited in the marriage of Celia and Oliver?

48. Comment on the ready expedients of Rosalind for every situation, as her invention of the magician tale? In what way does this compound with and assist the whole atmosphere of the play?

49. How does line 118, scene ii, express Rosalind's mood as contrasted with the others who are losing themselves in their sentiments? Is her expression characteristic of her?

50. In Lodge's novel what happens to the usurper?

51 Is the final decision of Jaques to remain in the forest with the converted usurper, appropriate to his character and action? If so, why?

52. What very lovable character is entirely omitted from the latter part of the play?

53. Explain the phrase in the Epilogue, "If I were a woman

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